HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CHICAGO'S EYES "WIDE OPEN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898

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DURING the recent municipal campaign in New York the WEEKLY declared, with others, that an issue of the campaign was between the people and rapid transit on one side, and the Manhattan elevated and the street railroads, in conjunction with CROKER and PLATT, on the other. This position is now being speedily vindicated. Rapid transit is probably dead, and the street-railroad companies and the Manhattan seem to have agreed that in place of real rapid transit the city shall be further disfigured by the elevated trestle-work.

MR. GORMAN'S successor as Senator from Maryland has finally been decided upon. He is Judge LOUIS EMORY MCCOMAS, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Judge MCCOMAS will be a great improvement upon Senator GORMAN. He will not be so much of a leader, nor so much in the public eye, but he will not vote for free silver, nor encourage the free-coinage men while pretending to be a friend of the gold standard, nor will he be the arch-corruptionist of his State and his party. His selection is, on the whole, a happy solution of Maryland's problem.

PRESIDENT DOLE, having reached Washington, is properly treated as the head of an independent government. Mr. DOLE is a man of high character, and fully deserves the respect in which he is held by all the people of the Hawaiian Islands. At the same time, we hope it is true that the government of which he is at the head will remain an independent republic, and that he will continue to be its chief magistrate. We have no doubt that Mr. DOLE'S failure to obtain annexation will be for the best interests both of the United States and of his own country; and, furthermore, we have no doubt that if the United States, in refusing annexation, declares its purpose to prevent the absorption of the islands by any other power, its ultimatum will be absolutely respected.

THE debate in the Senate on the TELLER resolution was marked by a good many asperities of manner and other evidences of bitterness of heart. Mr. TELLER himself is evidently smarting under the accusation that his resolution is an attack upon the credit of the country, and he asserts that he and the other silver men are quite as honorable as Senators from the East. We have no doubt that some of them are, but we have very grave doubts if Mr. TELLER is correct in the comparison which he makes between himself and most sound-money men. Mr. ALLISON, we are glad to say, has finally come out in favor of the gold standard, and he and Mr. HOAR, Mr. HALE, and Mr. LODGE were able to emphasize the fact that the free-coinage men are really seeking to establish silver monometallism in this country. The issue should be kept right there. The question is now, as it was in 1896, between gold monometallism and silver monometallism — whether to establish in this country the money system of Mexico or to retain the system of commercial Europe.

RUSSIA has offered to China a loan at the same rate as that offered by Great Britain. At least this is the rumor. This means, of course, that Russia is interested in maintaining her influence over China. It does not follow, if the rumor be true, or if China should accept the Russian instead of the English loan, that Russia will close any Chinese ports. Great Britain will doubtless back up Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S inspiriting remark, and will insist upon open ports in China even at the cost of war. England in this instance is for free-trade and civilization, and while our own domestic policy is that of barbarism, we are enlightened enough to sympathize with the English position towards China. Germany was very quick to show how strong an influence England's great navy is, when England has declared her resolute purpose to employ it, by notifying the world that the port of Kiao-chou would be open to commerce. At the present writing it appears as though the movements of Europe in China, greedy and selfish though their inspiration may have been, will result in extending the sphere of influence not of any particular European nation, but of civilization itself.

WE have every reason to believe that the sending of the second-rate battle-ship *Maine* to Cuba was a wise and friendly movement on the part of this government. On the other hand, the attempt of the Democrats in the House of Representatives to pass a resolution recognizing Cuban belligerency was directly in the interest of the WEYLER party, that party being opposed to the effort to end the insurrection by granting autonomy to the Cubans. The situation was precisely this: Captain-General BLANCO, seeking to secure the acceptance of autonomy, is opposed and set upon by the extreme Spanish party, and a riot breaks forth in Havana against autonomy and the United States, whereupon the House of Representatives seeks to further embarrass General BLANCO by declaring the Cubans belligerents. What everybody wants in Cuba is peace, and the people who can prevent peace most effectively are the friends of General WEYLER—the result of whose machinations, if they were successful, would be war between Spain and the United States and the loss of Cuba by Spain. Under all these circumstances, if the *Maine* can succeed in helping General BLANCO to maintain peace in Havana, it will be so much the better for all concerned.

THE situation in the French Chamber of Deputies is as strange and illogical as the attitude of our own Democratic Congressmen on the Cuban question. The socialist Deputies are attacking the government for its injustice toward DREYFUS, a Jew, while the socialists in the streets and in Algiers are hunting and killing Jews. What the outcome of it all will be may depend, like most crises in France, on the army itself. This much is apparent to a foreign mind, that everything that the government has done in this DREYFUS case, from the secret trial of the accused himself to its present trial of ZOLA on a side issue, strengthens the conviction that DREYFUS was not really proved guilty before the court martial, and that therefore the cruel and unusual punishment which he is suffering is not only barbarous, but grossly unjust. It seems as though the government were trying to vindicate the honor of the army, which has been seriously questioned, by avoiding the issue. It may be that DREYFUS is guilty and that the government is right, but minds that are accustomed to openness and frankness in judicial proceedings will continue to suspect the contrary, until the French government sees fit to justify itself to the French people.

NO club of enlightened men could be employed to better purpose than in fostering the sense of beauty among the citizens of a great commonwealth, and striving to make a town agreeable as well as healthy to live in, but the Reform Club seems especially born and educated for such a function. Its dinner in honor of municipal art brought together some of the most earnest and disinterested workers in the field of municipal progress and well-being. The burden of the speeches, while these were often sharply critical of what exists to-day in New York, was not unhopeful of great improvements in municipal affairs so far as the fine arts are concerned, if only the public could be brought to regard the question with due seriousness, and give to larger views of the city's welfare the same attention that is now bestowed on the home. It is the aim of organizations like the Municipal Art Society to appeal to local patriotism, just as in Philadelphia, for example, the Fairmount Park Association asks of Philadelphians that they shall help to make their city more interesting and attractive to residents and visitors. The course of the Reform Club in directing the attention of its members to this fruitful field must win applause. Politics, with its irritations and rancors, absorbs far more than its rightful share of the energy of citizens. The fine arts provide a chance for action apart from politics, while the results of such action are permanent for good, and range the leaders among the men who are remembered, long after they have passed away, as citizens who sought neither personal glory nor wealth, but merely the welfare of their fellow-men, present and to come.

MR. REED'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE fact that the majority of the Senators believe that under existing laws the public debt is payable in silver does not prove that the Senate would not pass a moderate currency bill. Certainly it does not absolve the House of Representatives from the discharge of its duty. So far as the Senate is concerned, it may be admitted that the free-coinage men control, but if the Senate is ever to be convinced of the necessity of a change in our currency laws, not including the return to free coinage of silver, a beginning must be made, and some Senators must be convinced that the welfare of their constituents demands that our monetary system shall be improved, or their constituencies must be induced to change their Senators. Pennsylvania and New Hampshire, strong as the QUAY and CHANDLER machines may be in those States, do not favor the free coinage of silver, nor, according to the Presidential election returns, do Indiana, California, Kentucky, Maryland, North Dakota, and Oregon. Every vote cast for the free coinage of silver by Senators from these States is opposed to the most recently expressed opinion of the voters. In view of this, the task of passing a currency measure ought not to be considered hopeless. It is not many years since the country has witnessed the defeat of obstinate members of the Senate by means of the vigorous expression of public opinion. In 1893 the silver Senators might have definitely defeated the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act, but they yielded at last, and their surrender was compelled by an angry country. We believe that if an earnest movement for currency reform were made at the present time, if the President should support his Secretary of the Treasury with all the vigor of conviction, if he should display the righteous temper and firm determination that Mr. CLEVELAND showed in 1893, he could compel the passage of an act, as Mr. CLEVELAND compelled the passage of the repeal bill.

The initial difficulty in the matter is Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude. He has not seemed to be in earnest. No one knows better than he that the avoidance of the money issue by the politicians has strengthened and stimulated the movement for the free coinage of silver. He was one of the chief actors in the policy of avoidance. He helped to dodge the question by supporting schemes for the purchase of silver. He has also seen the evil effect of the talk about international bimetallism. He knows that all such talk is now regarded by the free-silver men as a confession of fear, and they believe, and we think with justice, that the politicians who indulge in it, and who try to postpone the evil day in holding out the hope of an international agreement, must inevitably in the end come to them. Certainly they are apparently nearer to the free-silver men than to the frank and outspoken advocates of the retention of the gold standard. If any question was definitely settled at the election at which Mr. MCKINLEY was chosen President, it was that, in the absence of international bimetallism, this country should adhere to the gold standard, and if anything has been settled by contemporary history it is that an international agreement is impossible. The other day, in his speech in the Senate, Mr. WOLCOTT confessed that Great Britain could not be induced to enter into such an agreement, and that even France would not act without Great Britain. It was unnecessary to send Mr. WOLCOTT and his associates to Europe to discover this, for it was known to every reader of English and French newspapers; and yet, notwithstanding this — notwithstanding the fact that Mr. MCKINLEY was under obligations to do his utmost to maintain the gold standard in this country, and notwithstanding the fact that an international agreement was impossible, and the further fact that therefore all pretended effort for international bimetallism would be considered by the free-coinage men as a certain restorative of their issue, at least—Mr. MCKINLEY not only appointed the idle WOLCOTT commission, but has already permitted Mr. WOLCOTT, without contradiction, to say on the floor of the Senate that the President was opposed to the gold-standard policy of the Secretary of the Treasury. Now the answer to all this is that if Mr. WOLCOTT'S assertion is true, Mr. MCKINLEY has been guilty of double dealing with the men who made him President, and has thereby encouraged the free-coinage men to hope that they will be able to carry the Congressional elections this year, and the Presidential election in 1900. Mainly on this account, it must be admitted that the Democrats are most likely to succeed in the Congressional elections this year. Democrats who voted for Mr. MCKINLEY on the currency issue will justify themselves in refusing to vote for Republican candidates for Congress on the ground

that the Republican party is not to be trusted. Mr. McKinley has broken his promise—why will not other Republicans break their promises? What guarantee have we that a promise made by a Republican candidate will be fulfilled by the same man after he is elected to office? The Dingley tariff bill will also have its influence. The disappointed office-seekers will try to get their revenge; the Southern Republicans who have been outraged by the appointment of corrupt men will stay at home or vote the Democratic ticket; the various factions whose enmities have grown more intense through the distribution of patronage will do their knifing. Many of the gold Democrats will do their duty and support the sound-money candidate in each district, but many more of them will decline to vote. Under the circumstances, we are not asking too much in urging that the President shall make the declaration that, since the attempt to secure an international agreement for bimetallism has failed, it is his policy, and the policy of his administration, and, so far as he can control it, the policy of his party, to maintain the gold standard.

This will do much to aid the sound-money men in the coming campaign; but Speaker Reed can do even more. We are not strongly impressed with the justice and the wisdom of Mr. Reed's method of governing the House of Representatives. We do not agree with what is evidently his opinion, that representative government is demonstrated to be a failure, and that the House is incapable of conducting its own affairs. We are inclined to the opinion that it would be better to endure a little longer the folly and ignorance and inefficiency of the representatives of the people than to replace them with an autocrat. But the fact is that Mr. Reed is the autocrat of the House of Representatives, and that he can make it carry out his will. It is also true, we regret to say, that Mr. Reed has not been so definite on the currency question as we should like him to have been. We are quite sure that on one occasion at least he might have helped Mr. Cleveland to carry an important monetary bill, if his partisanship had not led him to regard the triumph of his political opponent, in an effort to serve the public welfare, as possibly injurious to his own party. We believe that if Mr. Reed had been a bolder advocate of the gold standard in 1895 and early in 1896 he would have been the inevitable candidate of the gold men of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination, and therefore the most likely candidate of the party's convention. Mr. Reed has now another opportunity. He may do more than any other man in aid of the sound-currency cause in the coming Congressional campaign. The President, as we have pointed out, may do much, but Mr. Reed may do much more. He may compel the introduction of a bill which will provide for some currency reform in the right direction; he may permit, and even compel, a thorough debate on the currency question on the consideration of that bill, and he may force his party majority of the House of Representatives to pass the measure. If he should do all that lies in his power in this behalf, we should at least have a thorough debate of the subject in Congress, and that debate might gather so much energy behind the bill as to push it through the Senate. It would at least greatly enlighten the country. Mr. Reed will remember the debates on the money question in the early seventies, when the inflation movement, within his own party, which was led by the then Republican President of the Senate, was routed entirely by a thorough and intelligent debate of the question in the Senate. Senator Ferry and his friends went down at that time, and General Grant became enlightened because the Senate contained men capable of grappling with the question, and discussing it with a clearness and force which convinced the country of the unsoundness of the inflation view. The result of that debate was that for the moment the Republican party became a sound-money party; and Mr. Hayes was nominated for the Presidency in 1876 because he had been the successful champion of sound money in Ohio, then and now a dangerous State. Not only is it true that the Republican party then became a sound-money organization, but it has remained so, on the whole, although its recent history has been tarnished by the weakness of its politicians, who have sought to retain power through coquetting with the silver men of the far Western States. Mr. Reed has a better opportunity to unite to his party the sound-money strength of the country than had the anti-inflation Republican Senators to drive greenbackers from their party in the years just preceding 1876. It seems to us that the task before him is easy, and that the rewards promised to him and his party from his fulfilment of it would be abundant. Even if Mr. McKinley neglects or refuses to do the duty which we think is his, Mr. Reed has it in his power to reawaken confidence in the Republican party, to make it definitely and distinctly the gold-standard party of the country.

REFORM OF THE PRIMARIES.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

There is a widespread demand for legislative measures to correct the abuses which have crept into the current methods of nominating candidates for public office. A National Primary Election League has been organized for this purpose, which appears to consist, in the main, of patriotic and public-spirited citizens. But the cry has also been taken up by "practical politicians," known for the part they have played in the development of the very abuses which are to be corrected. A great many of them are to-day bubbling over with zeal for an "honest primary law," on the basis of which they expect all good citizens who are dissatisfied with present party management to join them and be good party men again. It may well be said that the woods are full of "primary reformers" of all sorts who wish to have a hand in shaping the required legislation, and the National Primary Election League will have to keep its eyes wide open lest the old primary fixers run away with its cause. To prevent this the first thing needful is a candid inquiry into the nature of the evils to be remedied.

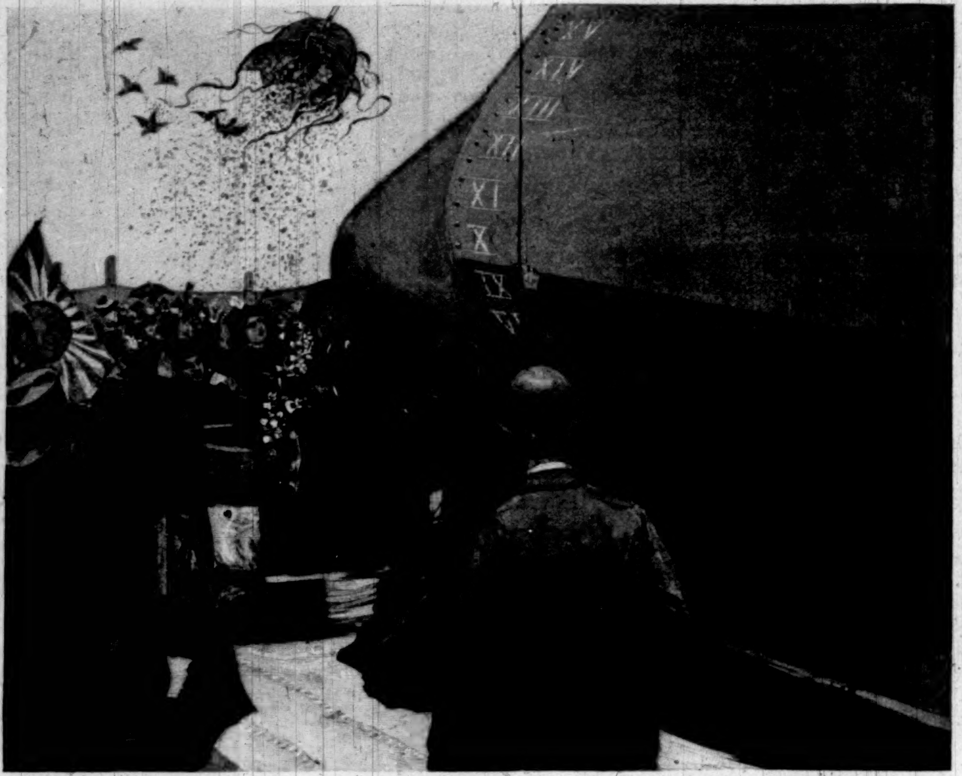
What is the complaint? That the nominating machinery of our political parties, consisting of enrolments, caucuses, and conventions, has largely fallen under the exclusive control of little rings of politicians, called machines, or even of single machine chiefs, called bosses. How has this come about? There are many persons who occupy themselves with "politics" constantly. Some of them do so from a laudable ambition to serve the public good; others because they like power or the excitement of political strife; and a larger number because they find in politics a livelihood in the way of salaried office or other spoil of party victory. These are commonly called "professional politicians." Being governed by more or less mercenary motives, they are always on hand, and are easily organized and drilled by leaders who are skilled in the art of securing and distributing "patronage." On the other hand, a large majority of the citizens are politically active only on occasion. They will register and vote, but they are not inclined to spend much time and take much trouble in attending primaries and caucuses. With a great many of them this disinclination is increased by the belief—in most cases well founded—that they would have no real influence upon the proceedings anyhow, because the machine or the boss had determined everything beforehand. The result is that the primaries and caucuses are usually altogether in the hands of the "professionals," who simply execute the orders of the occult power ruling them. And in order to keep the nominations securely in the control of that occult power, all sorts of trickery are resorted to in order to ensure a safe working majority in the primaries and caucuses to the mercenary band. Hence the nominations in which the people at large have no part, and when, as is frequently the case, the same practices prevail in both parties alike, the substantial nullification of the freedom of the suffrage by its limitation to a choice between two evils.

How is this to be cured? Many sincere friends of reform propose as a remedy such legislation as will put the conduct of party enrolments, primaries, and caucuses under the supervision of trustworthy persons, and as will make them easily accessible to all members of the respective party under certain conditions. If the judges and clerks at primary elections were selected from the reputable citizens of the community, irrespective of party, by some method akin to the competitive rule in our reformed civil service, and if the party primaries were opened to all who, at the regular registration of voters, declared their general intention to act at the coming election with the party in question, according to the Kentucky system—which implies, of course, that the voter making that declaration cannot participate in the primaries of any other party—many of those citizens who now refuse to attend primaries, for the reason that they will find there everything "cut and dried" beforehand, would consider their principal objections removed. The participation in primaries and caucuses would become more general again, and the controlling sway of the machine or the boss through the drilled force of mercenaries more difficult.

But we should not be sanguine enough to expect that even a system so liberal—most of the practical politicians now posing as primary reformers will scout it as a system altogether too liberal to be thought of—would entirely neutralize the pernicious influence of the machine or boss in the making of nominations. For the well-drilled organization of the mercenaries, with patronage in possession or in sight, always alert and ready to move at the word of command for concentrated effort, will, even when in the minority, have a great, and very frequently a decisive, advantage over the undrilled mass of volunteers, who are far more difficult to gather and to unite for effective concert of action. Even the most radical reform of this kind would therefore by no means be sure to accomplish its true object. The real source of the trouble consists in the *existence* of that mercenary force which lends itself so readily to the schemes of the selfish politician, which is his most efficacious tool, and the destruction of which would strip machine and boss of most of their power, if not of the very element of life. If we wish to reform the primaries thoroughly, and to put that reform upon an entirely safe basis, our first effort should therefore be to deprive that mercenary force of its principal reason of being—that is to say, of that patronage which furnishes its members the means of subsistence, and with them the strongest, if not the only, motive of political activity. And this can be done only by taking, to the greatest possible extent, the public offices out of party politics through the general introduction of a thorough civil service system based upon the competitive principle. It is not pretended that this elimination of what the picturesque old phrase calls "the cohesive power of public plunder" will cure all the evils complained of, but it will go far to render the cure of some of the worst of them possible and even easy.

While this is an objective point to be kept steadily in view, it should at the same time never be forgotten that the meddling with political parties as such by legislative regulation is a very dangerous thing as soon as it goes beyond the mere prevention or punishment of fraud or of other practices encroaching upon the rights of the citizen. Any law limiting the citizen's right to become a recognized member of a political party by subjecting that right to certain conditions will be of evil. The machine politician insists that no man shall have regular party standing, with corresponding rights, unless he has voted the straight party ticket at the last election, and pledges himself to vote the straight party ticket, whatever it may be, at the next; and nothing would delight the machine man more than the embodiment of such a rule, or of similar restrictions, in a primary reform law. What he wants is to make the ruling body inside of his political party as close a corporation as possible, and he will welcome any law furthering that end. The friends of primary reform cannot too carefully avoid playing into his hands in that respect. Indeed, in this case as in many others, the sincere reformer can follow no safer rule than that of doing the contrary of what the enemy wishes.

The machine politicians tell us that parties are necessary for the conduct of the government, and that strict organization and rigorous discipline are necessary for the preservation of parties. But every day's experience shows us that the stricter the organization and the more rigorous the discipline in the machine sense becomes, the greater grows the number of citizens who throw off party allegiance and follow an independent course. There were 150,000 of them in our late municipal election; and there are, as estimated by competent authority, more than 200,000 citizens in this State who, without regard to party, vote according to the dictates of their consciences, largely owing to their disgust of machine rule, which is thus, in fact, the disintegrating agency in party life. They tell us that only party government, as they understand it, is truly responsible, meaning that if the people dislike the conduct of one—for instance, the Platt party—they can enforce its responsibility by putting in power the other, the Croker party, the victor then to treat the vanquished with distinguished consideration, and *vice versa*. The only responsibility they both stand really in awe of is their responsibility to those whom they do not consider true party men. The more there are of such men, the keener the sense of party responsibility. And the primary reformers who aim at lifting our politics to a higher plane will finally have to admit that still more important than an improvement of the mechanism of primary elections and caucuses will be the following three things: the restriction of the patronage to the narrowest limits, an amendment to our election laws making independent nominations as easy as possible, and another banishing the party column from our official ballot, arranging the nominees for each office in alphabetical order, and thus obliging the voter individually to identify each candidate he wishes to vote for.



THE LAUNCH OF THE JAPANESE CRUISER "KASAGI," AT PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

LAUNCH OF THE "KASAGI."

To those who regard the "christening" of a ship, especially of a war-ship, as something bordering on blasphemy, or to those who object to the use of wine in the naming of a vessel at its launch, the ceremony at the launch of the Japanese protected cruiser *Kasagi*, at the Cramps' ship-yard at Philadelphia, on January 20, must have been especially pleasing. The *Kasagi* was not christened nor baptized. She was "named" by Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. In place of breaking a bottle of wine at the bow or forefoot, six pigeons were released, and flowers fell from a globe that swung from a pole which served in place of the bowsprit.

The *Kasagi* was named after a mountain in Japan where noted fights in battle have occurred. The custom of releasing pigeons or doves is at least five hundred years old in Japan, and is used when something joyful is to be celebrated. It arose from a legend about an eloping couple. To elude parental wrath they hid in a tomb, and just as they were about to be seized and taken out, two white doves, supposed to be the embodiments of ancestors buried in the tomb, flew out of it, thus saving the lives of the elopers. It typifies joy and happiness, therefore, when doves are set free at any celebration in Japan.

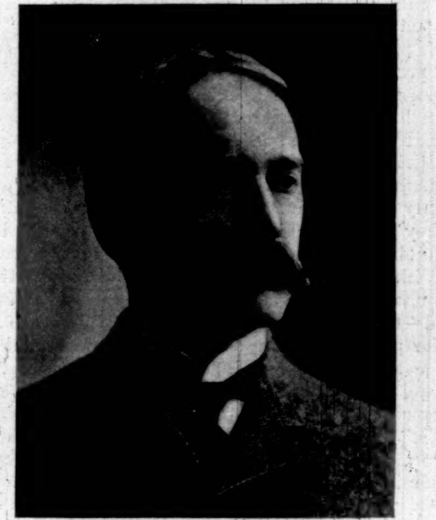
It was a rainy day at the launch of the *Kasagi*. There were many noted guests present. The Emperor of Japan was represented by the Japanese minister, Torui Hoshi, and the President of this country by Secretary Long of the Navy Department. The rain ceased just before the launching, but the moisture had so swollen the cords to the basket containing the pigeons that Miss Long failed to release them as the ship glided down the ways. A workman seized the cords, however, and the birds fluttered away in joy as the vessel plunged into the water.

The *Kasagi* is a fast commerce-destroyer. She is to have a speed of $22\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. She has no armor, depending upon her coal-bunkers and a protective deck. Her dimensions are—length, 374 feet 6 inches; breadth, 48 feet 9 inches; depth, 30 feet 6 inches; draught, 17 feet 9 inches. Her engines will have 17,000 horse-power, and her displacement will be 4900 tons. She will have twin screws. Her armament will consist of two 8-inch and ten $4\frac{7}{10}$-inch rifled guns in her main battery, and twelve 12-pounders and six $2\frac{1}{2}$-pounder rapid-fire guns in her secondary battery, besides five torpedo-tubes. She is comparatively a small vessel.

The *Kasagi* is the first foreign war-ship constructed in this country since the Russian war-ship *Zobica*, in 1878.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.

After a bitter contest, marked by considerable political activity, Judge Louis E. McComas, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, was elected by the Maryland Legislature, on the 25th ult., to be United States Senator in place of Arthur Pue Gorman. This Republican victory was the result of a bolt on the part of the Democrats, to offset a similar Republican revolt, the successful candidate having received only four more than the number necessary for a choice. Judge McComas was born in Washington County, Maryland, on October 28, 1846. He studied at St. James College, and was finally graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He at once studied law with Judge R. H. Alvey, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, and was entered at the bar in 1868. He soon assumed a prominent place in professional circles, and in 1876 was the Republican candidate for the XLVth Congress from the Sixth District, coming within fourteen votes of election. Six years later he was again the party nominee, and served for three successive terms. In 1890 he was defeated for re-election, but was further honored with the confidence of his party, in 1892, by his selection for secretary of the Republican National Committee. A warm personal friend of President Harrison, the latter appointed him to the Supreme Court of the District. At the bar, on the bench, and in his legislative function Judge McComas has won a reputation for ability and unswerving integrity. The contest was watched with the keenest interest at Washington, and the active influence of the administration is supposed to have been a useful factor in determining the outcome.



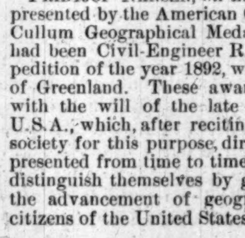
LOUIS EMORY McCOMAS.

THE CULLUM GEOGRAPHICAL MEDAL.

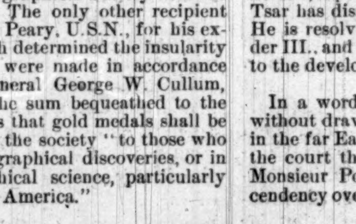
Fridtjof Nansen, on his arrival in this country, was presented by the American Geographical Society with the Cullum Geographical Medal. The only other recipient had been Civil-Engineer R. E. Peary, U.S.N., for his expedition of the year 1892, which determined the insularity of Greenland. These awards were made in accordance with the will of the late General George W. Cullum, U.S.A., which, after reciting the sum bequeathed to the society for this purpose, directs that gold medals shall be presented from time to time by the society "to those who distinguish themselves by geographical discoveries, or in the advancement of geographical science, particularly citizens of the United States of America."

The design for the permanent die from which the medals are struck was made by Miss Lydia Field Emmett. The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from a copper replica in the possession of Mr. Victor D. Brenner, to whom was intrusted the sinking of the die. Especially beautiful is the obverse, so strong and dignified in composition, with a most decorative distribution of lines and masses, and a fine graduation in the depth of the relief. The full size is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. Miss Emmett was very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Brenner, whose technical skill in the handling of his chisels is very marked, while his true artistic feeling enabled him, working under the artist's supervision, to reproduce faithfully her intention. For Mr. Brenner at present is an undeveloped artist. Born near the little town of Shavly in the northwest of Russia, he worked, when quite a child, with his father as a stone-cutter. Then he became apprenticed to a goldsmith, engraving jewelry and shrines for ecclesiastical purposes. He reached New York eight years ago, and in the Metropolitan Museum learnt for the first time the beauty and fascination of ancient coins and medals. Henceforth it became his ambition to design and execute such work himself; and all his labors have been directed to saving the money to prosecute a course of art study in Paris, whither he hopes to go this summer. By the time he returns to us, it is safe to predict that, with art knowledge added to his technical proficiency, he will be a medailleur of the first rank; and in the mean while it is to be hoped that we ourselves shall learn a little more what medals ought to be, for at present the greater number produced in this country are sadly lacking in artistic merit. The Nansen medallion, cut in cameo or raised relief, is the unassisted work of Mr. Brenner. It illustrates the force and freedom of his method, and the feeling he has for the color effects of light and shade. It fully justifies his ambition to raise himself to the top of his profession.

Charles H. Caffin.



MEDALLION IN CAMEO.
Designed and Engraved by Victor D. Brenner.



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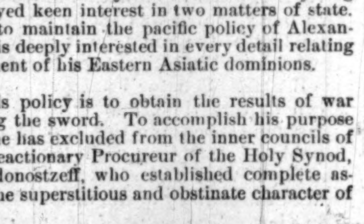

REVERSE.

THE CULLUM GEOGRAPHICAL MEDAL.
Designed by Miss Lydia Field Emmett.—Engraved by Victor D. Brenner.

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To understand Great Britain's policy in the China seas it is necessary to penetrate below the surface. This is just what the average party man appears to be unable or unwilling to do, and hence arises the public bewilderment, almost without parallel, which reigned until Mr. Balfour's recent speech. In the first place, the interests of the nations concerned and their power to enforce those interests must be weighed before any intelligent conclusion as to British policy can be formed. Among rival nations in the far East, Russia stands first. With an empire stretching from Germany to the Pacific, a people homogeneous in blood and faith, an army capable of all that any army can accomplish, and with the third strongest navy in the world, Russian ports, for four months in the year, are shut off from the outer world. Winter closes St. Petersburg, Revel, Vladivostok, to vessels of commerce and war as completely as if the sea had dried up.

Under these circumstances warm-water ports in Europe and Asia form the secular aim of Russian policy. For 200 years expansion southward has formed the key-note of Russian diplomacy. Since the Crimean war expansion eastward has replaced the efforts to find a southern exit. With 116,000,000 of inhabitants, an ice-free port in Asia is less a luxury than a necessity to the Slavs, and whether by patient diplomacy or by force, an ice-free port they will certainly obtain. If the Anglo-Saxon race had inhabited Russia, how long would either English or Americans have waited before laying hands on a warm-water port? Not 200 years. Still, Tory scribes denounce the government in scathing terms for not continuing Lord Beaconsfield's policy of immuring Russia in her winter prison. Happily Lord Salisbury is no rebel against facts. Common-sense prevails in the cabinet, and there is no intention, so far as Britain is concerned, of pursuing a dog-in-the-manger policy in the far East. On the other hand, no rival powers will be allowed to close Chinese trade to the world by monopolist occupation of Chinese ports. Russia, however, is laying out $30,000,000 on her Siberian railway, and no child in the second class of a village Sunday-school can suppose that the Tsar is content that the Pacific terminus of that railway should be closed to sea traffic for a third of the year. The Russians are not fools.

From my last sojourn in Russia, during M. Félix Faure's meteoric visit, I gathered that to no nation, not to England herself, is peace more necessary than to Russia. The young Tsar has displayed keen interest in two matters of state. He is resolved to maintain the pacific policy of Alexander III., and he is deeply interested in every detail relating to the development of his Eastern Asiatic dominions.

In a word, his policy is to obtain the results of war without drawing the sword. To accomplish his purpose in the far East he has excluded from the inner councils of the court the reactionary Procureur of the Holy Synod, Monsieur Pobedonostzeff, who established complete ascendency over the superstitious and obstinate character of

THE DREYFUS SCANDAL IN FRANCE.

The Attack on the Socialist Leader Jaures by the Conservative De Bernis, in the Chamber of Deputies, January 23.—[See Page 139.]

Alexander III.; and furthermore, Nicholas II. has dispensed with the services of General Vannofski, who was Minister of War for many years under his father and grandfather. These acts mean that the acquisition of Constantinople, active menace to India, and other ambitious schemes freely attributed to Russia are to wait until the Siberian railway with an ice-free Pacific terminus is completed. Russia is patient. She does not pursue incongruous advantages.

Russian projects in the far East find their deadliest opponent in Japan. War between the two powers at no very distant date seems inevitable if both maintain pretentions to predominance in the Pacific to which they are committed. Upon Japan fell the costly burden of rousing China from her long sleep, but from Japan the fruits of victory were snatched by Russia and her henchman France in the very hour of triumph. Collision between Japan and Russia, accordingly, then became a certainty, unless adequate compensation could be provided for the latter power. The only question was whether Russia or Japan would first be ready for the struggle. The result of a race between the creation of a new Japanese navy and the completion of the Siberian railway was, until lately, the determining factor in the problem. I am now informed that the Russian hand has been forced by the discovery that the Siberian railway will not be available for the transport of troops until after the Japanese navy has been so strengthened that single-handed Japan could easily defeat any force Russia could bring to bear against her in the China seas. To this central fact may be attributed the German occupation of Kiau-chou, the Russian attempt at the seizure of Port Arthur, and the rumored French annexation of Hainan. If Russia considers a struggle with Japan inevitable, it is obviously prudent to force it on while her foe is weak rather than wait until she is strong. Prince Henry's "mailed fist" against Japan, in certain eventualities, is probably the equivalent for Kiau-chou. In short, Germany's benevolent neutrality or active help in the coming struggle is astutely bought by Russia as a set-off against a possible combination of England and Japan, or the not impossible defection of France, whose subservience to Russia has already led to a reaction against an alliance which gives all the advantage to one of the allies, and all the humiliations to the other. Besides, a new upheaval in France is by no means out of the question.

Germany's motives for putting her finger in the pie are sufficiently clear. Whether they are wise in her own interests is another question. Headed off in South Africa with a few valueless and costly tropical territories—colonies only in name—attracting no German immigration, with a population at home most of whom are indigent, the chance of standing in with Russia (which was the old Bismarckian policy), while at the same time bidding for a slice of China, a stronger navy, and more trade, is not to be missed. Whether the German government can colonize more successfully in China than in Africa or New Guinea remains to be seen. The drill-sergeant is no colonizer. The fact remains that although our Foreign Office knows of no formal alliance, Russia and Germany, with a docile France, are united in the far East, and if not openly hostile, are as unfriendly to England as they dare. They are fully prepared to snatch every dollar of trade and acre of territory which British apathy or American indifference may surrender to them. The scheme is a monument of Russian braincraft, and, but for misapprehension as to the real character of the English people and the alertness of our government, fostered by the misrepresentations of the subsidized and servile press of Germany, France, and Russia, it is a scheme that might have had some prospect of success. As it is, England has good cards, and Lord Salisbury knows how to play them.

And what of England? I cannot affect indifference to the issue of the most tremendous problem in foreign affairs which has confronted our rulers since Waterloo, but I will try to describe the situation without conscious bias. It is easier to do so because in this matter Britain is fighting for American interests as much as for her own. In the first place, British trade interests in China are four times as great as the interests of all the rest of the world. According to the last returns available, we alone did sixty-seven per cent. of the whole foreign trade of China. The tonnage of British shipping entered and cleared in Chinese ports was 20,525,798 tons; that of the United States, Germany, France, Denmark, and Russia together was 3,224,271 tons—less than a sixth.

Taking a general percentage of total trade, shipping, and revenue, the British figure is 64.81 per cent., the German figure 7.17 per cent., the French 2.7 per cent., and the Russian 1.66 per cent. Record of these figures is sufficient to show that the policy of the cabinet is dictated by the bread-and-butter requirements of tens of thousands of British homes, and that apathy, ignorance, or neglect on the part of the Foreign Minister would kill the government. It is thus evident that if Lord Salisbury has hitherto made no sign, and has turned a deaf ear to frantic amateurs who pester him with entreaties to "do something," the reason is not indifference or apathy, but because England is immensely strong and there is no hurry. I will show why there is no hurry.

The command of the sea now depends on the control of fortified coal-stations. Coal is the breath of the empire. Prince Henry of Prussia and his mailed fist on board the *Deutschland* would be drifting helpless and impotent if it were not for English coal supplied at seven English coal-stations. To reach China, he and his mailed fist are absolutely dependent on the good will of the British. To carry out the Kaiser's orders, he requires English coal. To stop him, England would not require to declare war. The gospel of the Kaiser's anointed person cannot be spread beyond the German Ocean if England refuses the coal necessary to the propaganda. German coal-stations cannot be improvised. The British fleet in China is probably strong enough single-handed to cut off the coal-supply of Russian, German, and French men-of-war. With Japan, England commands the sea; and Japan is heart and soul with England. Swift colliers (convoyed in the event of war) would sustain the fighting power of the British China Squadron. What about Russia and Germany? They have no coal-stations, except the French stores at Dakar and Madagascar. France has few colliers, and no means of maintaining the coal-supply of her fleet in the Gulf of Pechili. No coal is available for the three powers should England and Japan agree to refuse them entrance to the coaling-stations. If the fumes of the Jubilee have disappeared, the memory of the fleet at Spithead on June 26, with all its defects, keeps up the price of consols and enables level-headed Englishmen to sleep o' nights even while Germany, France, and Russia are nosing at the stranded carcass of China.

So long as British interests (which are equally the interests of the world) are not attacked, there is no reason for grudging the use of Chinese ports to Germany and Russia, so long as the rest of the world share the concession. Between the Canton River in the south and the boundary of the province of Shan-tung in the north, British and American interests lie. There dwell the Chinese population who give us our trade. With that trade no foreign interference will be brooked. To protect that trade it is possible that the Chinese islands at the mouth of the Yang-tse may some day be occupied by Britain. England has already occupied Chusan—in 1841—and a treaty with China exists establishing a British protectorate over Chusan and its dependencies, and debarring China from ever ceding the said island to any foreign power. To-day we have no territorial ambitions in the far East. But, whatever England may do or leave undone, she will maintain at all costs the rights of humanity against the protectionist powers who selfishly seek to exclude all nations from sharing in the opening up of China. If only the government of the United States would join the elder branch of the race in the championship of equal rights, despotism would be foiled. Englishmen are watching the attitude of America with intense interest, and her diplomatic support is welcome as the flowers in spring. Whether with or without support, England will champion at all costs the principle of liberty of trade and equal rights for all nations trading with China. By the stroke of a young man in a hurry, Germany seeks to accomplish that which is only attainable by a long process through many generations. Conquest is often the preliminary of colonization, but is no criterion of ability to rule wisely or to colonize with success. Germany must alter her ways before she can become a great colonial power.

Statesmen with whom I have conversed on the Chinese question consider the indirect influence of an accessible China upon Anglo-American relations as among the most important consequences. Increased trade between the United States and the far East will inevitably stimulate the desire of the Atlantic cities for the Isthmian Canal, and intensify American conviction that national interests require the military control of the strait to be under the government of Washington. Under the conditions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty the advantages to America of larger trade with China and Japan will be annulled by exposing the Pacific coast to possible attack by the navies of Europe. Denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will not be accepted here with the compliance that characterized the British reception of the Venezuelan demand. It seems therefore desirable, no less in the interests of the United States than in those of Great Britain, that Englishmen should be prepared for the revision of a treaty too hastily negotiated forty-seven years ago by the United States. John Bull is amenable to reason, but is perhaps less unwilling to resent brusque or dictatorial demands when they touch his material interests than is generally supposed. I venture to throw out the suggestion, therefore, for what it is worth, that the case for the military control of the isthmus by the United States should be continuously and frankly presented by American writers to the British people, until public opinion on this side has been educated on the subject. The danger ahead is that busy Englishmen will be surprised by a peremptory request for the ending of a treaty which might become dangerous to the welfare and perhaps menacing to the existence of the American nation when the Nicaragua Canal is complete. It is unwise to leave this matter entirely in the hands of the professional politicians. England has deserved well of the United States in the stand she has made in the China seas, and a sober, courteous, but unofficial presentation to the British public of facts relating to the Nicaragua Canal as they affect American interests may avert future friction between the two nations, that is inevitable if English ignorance is not enlightened by timely and sympathetic explanations. Statesmen and journalists alike live too much with no horizon more distant than to-morrow. Here is a case in which American writers may dispel a cloud that to-day is the size of a man's hand, but is fraught with nameless potentialities of evil.

A prospect of the effects of the late Duchess of Teck being sold by public auction, in order to liquefy debts amounting to $150,000, is making some stir. It seems that for some time past the family budget has shown a balance of $10,000 per annum on the wrong side. Philanthropy occupied the time of Princess Mary to such an extent that financial disorganization in her private affairs ensued. A cry is now raised by the friends of the Duke of Teck for a Parliamentary grant. No government in its senses would consent to introduce a bill to indemnify the creditors of a junior and collateral connection of the royal family. Accordingly the Queen has been invited, and has refused, to come to the rescue. In thus declining assistance her Majesty shows her usual good sense. Cadets of the royal house are now so numerous that they are rightly expected to manage their affairs with the same prudence and integrity looked for elsewhere. Unless some god from a machine intervenes, the old home of England's future queen will shortly be sold up to satisfy the claims of her mother's creditors.

Parliament will have met by the time that this letter is in print. Lord Charles Beresford's election for York by a plurality of eleven votes over Sir C. Furness, a great engineering employer, is an indication of the even balance of public attention between the questions of imperial defence and the industrial war. Both these subjects will occupy Parliament during the coming session. With the view of learning how far socialistic principles admittedly govern the strategy of the labor leaders, I took an opportunity of interrogating Mr. Barnes, the secretary of the Associated Engineers' Union. He tells me in effect that the men do claim divided management, and that they have acquired "a vested interest in the machinery by right of servitude." Only a short time back Mr. Barnes was working at the bench in Woolwich Arsenal, and is now the overworked, embittered leader of a collectivist movement, which has already injured, and may destroy, his country's industrial supremacy. Mr. Barnes in his private capacity is an honest, hard-working, and self-sacrificing man, and it is unjust to attack him, as he is being attacked, for being a highly paid black-coated agitator. Mr. Barnes's salary is twenty-five dollars a week. The fact is that he and his colleagues are ignorant of elementary economics, and of the industrial conditions prevailing in other countries. Study and travel may enlighten them. Abuse merely confirms them in error. Still, I am not sure that the revolutionary forces of socialism will not emerge from this struggle re-enforced by a class bitterness new to English life, which the men's leaders, to say the least, do not seem inclined to discourage. Rioting is reported from Leeds, and may be looked for in other counties. But the strike is on the eve of collapse.

Imperial defence assumes many phases. As a rule, effective defence is offensive. The advance on the Nile, at which I hinted in November, has begun. French action on the Upper Nile requires energetic measures on our part to solve the Sudan question, unless the warnings given to France by two successive governments were idle words. By a stroke of luck, Abdulahi seems to be leading a large Dervish force northwards. If so, the Lord has delivered him into our hands. Abdulahi once crushed, Khartum, or rather Omdurman, is open. England will make her effort forthwith, and if it succeed, a fresh market will be thrown open to American trade. Lord Salisbury has personally intervened to override Sir Herbert Kitchener's ukase forbidding war correspondents to come within fifty miles of the front, and thus many reputations will now be made that otherwise would have remained unformed. War Office experts tell me that Kitchener is right, since the Dervishes quickly learn everything that is published in London. Still, the curiosity of the public exceeds their patriotism; and since the press, when unanimous, governs the country military considerations have yielded to the exigencies of party politics, and strategy is subordinated to an interesting breakfast table.

A *première* at the Lyceum Theatre is one of the interesting events of the London season. The first night of "Peter the Great" was no exception. Audience and actors alike are entertaining. Many elements of society are represented. Pit and gallery were filled with enthusiasts on New-Year's night, many of them having waited ten hours on the sidewalk. Stalls, boxes, and dress circle were peopled with "first-nighters," a microcosm of English society.

Dramatic critics, of course, are present in their professional capacity. Mr. Clement Scott, who thinks ill of the profession, was a notable absentee. Fashionable society is largely represented, as a stall or box-seat is coveted by everybody. Further, it is Sir Henry Irving's custom on the first night of a new play to invite his friends to a supper on the stage, when brilliant conversation may be shared by those who can contribute to it. Invitations to this function are eagerly sought, and uninvited guests are only excluded by Mr. Bram Stoker's genial assumption of the rôle of Cerberus. On the 1st of January "Peter the Great" was introduced by Sir Henry Irving to a house crammed from floor to ceiling with notables and others. Among the latter I watched for three and a half hours the effort of England's greatest actor to interest his countrymen in the sanguinary gloom that shrouds the birth throes of modern Russia. The audience were more than interested. They were frightened.

With the whole constellation of dramatic genius available, Sir Henry Irving sought and found in his younger son, Mr. Lawrence Irving, an author capable of presenting to the English-speaking people the tragedy of "Peter the Great," and of bringing within the domain of actuality the character and personality of the half-mythical monster who, ankle-deep in blood, drank and tortured, slew, fought, and hustled his way from barbarianism to imperial power, and founded the bureaucratic despotism now stretching from Germany to the same waters that wash the sand hills of California. That the *doyen* of English actors should attempt this feat is remarkable, because there is more convention about the stage than in other arts. The stage Russian is well known. He generally is a mysterious count, clad in a *shuba*, or fur coat, who moves in an atmosphere of dungeons, dynamite, and disaster, and ruins every one who snaps a finger at the Tsar. Lawrence Irving's "Peter the Great" is a majestic conception. It renders with skill—I would even say with genius—the spiritual side of Russian character. Debauched with uncleanly problem plays and musical comedies, the English play-going public are perhaps antipathetic to serious drama, especially one that shuns frivolity and faces eternal verities. Prejudice against Russia is deeply rooted in our national character, and the glorification of the greatest of all Russians is therefore calculated to inspire but limited enthusiasm in the breasts of British play-goers. The critics for the most part are none too friendly to the play, with one or two conspicuous exceptions. Few of them know anything about Russia. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Irving and his gifted son have successfully personified for the first time on the stage the real Russia, and whether or not the play continues to attract large audiences to the Lyceum, it may live in history as one of the greatest dramatic achievements of the Victorian era. American audiences, exempt from the Russophobia of the English, will be quicker to recognize the majestic proportions of Irving's *Peter*, whilst Jews all over the world may learn from this tragedy that side of the imperial Russian character that still inflicts on their coreligionists in the pale of Russia mediæval penalties of a cruel and ghastly kind. The reception of "Peter the Great" was what the reception of "Measure for Measure" would probably have been if it were played for the first time in 1898. Sir Henry Irving was nervous, but acted magnificently as he warmed to his work. Miss Barrymore, Miss Rockman, and Mr. Taber have effectively established their position as worthy representatives of the American stage. Miss Barrymore is appropriately to marry the author of the play.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

On January 25 the New York *Herald* preached an editorial sermon on "the sin of despising others." There is a vast deal of room among the newspapers of New York for the cultivation of the tolerant spirit which this discourse doubtless recommended. Most of them despise one another cordially, fervently, and with occasional outbursts of vociferous candor. Some time or other, when the newspaper business in New York has availed itself of the advantages of a newspaper trust, it may seem expedient to the journals of Gotham to treat one another with courtesy, for its effect on the public estimation of newspapers in general. At present it is hard to read the frequent revilings that New York journals exchange without receiving impressions that are prejudicial to a good opinion of the newspaper genus.

The recent death of Dean Liddell, following closely on that of Dr. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), seemed to release for publication the story that the Alice for whom the "Alice" stories were written was Dean Liddell's daughter, and that Dr. Dodgson, who had loved her as a child, loved her also as a woman, and wished to marry her. It was the Dean, it seems, who prevented the match, on the ground that Dr. Dodgson was too old to marry his daughter, but the paragraphers tell us that the decision broke two hearts. When Alice Liddell was twenty-one years old Dr. Dodgson was forty-five. If there was nothing but disparity of years to hinder their marriage the learned Dean should not have meddled. *Sylvie and Bruno*, a book that Dr. Dodgson wrote after his disappointment, had not the inspiration of the "Alice" books, and was not successful.

We may never know the true inwardness of Dr. Nansen's falling out with his managers, and of the abrupt termination of his lecture tour in the West, but it looks as if the bold explorer was tired out. Before he stopped and came back to New York he had delivered sixty-seven lectures, and his contract called for about a dozen more. His first agreement was to deliver fifty lectures on certain conditions as to receipts and guarantees. Before that engagement ended he made another for fifty lectures more, but that number was subsequently cut down. The explanation given by the gossips for the sudden ending of this second contract was a disagreement between the lecturer and his managers as to whether the guarantee ($500 for each lecture) which applied to the first contract applied also to the second. What other grounds of dissatisfaction there may have been is best known to the parties concerned, but does not signify now, for it seems that Dr. Nansen settled all differences by the payment of a small sum of money before he sailed for home last Saturday.

The strain of continuous lecturing seems to be very great, and a trial to the temper. Mark Twain and Mr. Cable once undertook a combination lecture tour, which ended somewhat sadly, and James Whitcomb Riley and William Nye also made a trial, which left them not unacquainted with grief. It was never disclosed that Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page ever grew morose or took sadder views of life as the result of their association on the platform, but then they never attempted to cover quite as much ground or to discourse quite so continuously as the other gentlemen; and, besides, it is notorious that they are very good-natured men, and it is probable that they are both equipped with duplex livers. One liver is enough for ordinary occupations, and will even serve for an explorer, provided he keeps out of the tropics, but lecturers need at least two—one for use, and one for social purposes.

It is easy to imagine what Dr. Nansen's relief will be at getting back from money-making and itinerant exhibition, to science and life. It is known that he has thought much and talked not a little about the south pole and its continent, and what there may be there to repay exploration. Among other possibilities of the antarctic continent are mineral discoveries—gold, perhaps, meteorites, and curious ores. Queer varieties of seals and whales are known to flourish there, and there are some reasons for expecting to find there some creatures of new species. Borchgrevink, who is at present the best authority on the possibilities of south-polar exploration, was greatly interested in the scars upon many seals that he saw, and could not imagine what sort of creature made them. It is only three years since this same Borchgrevink landed (February 22, 1895) on Cape Adair, and was the first man, so far as known, to set foot on the antarctic continent. It is a big continent, twice as big as Europe, and many, many times more inhospitable and unpleasant.

Mr. F. G. Jackson, who lately got back from a three years' stay in Franz-Josef Land, is writing out the results of his investigations, and intends, when his book is finished, to go back to the far north and explore further. His original plans for his next trip turned out to be almost identical with those of Lieutenant Peary. So he has changed his purposes, and he intends now to go, *viâ* Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay, through Jones Sound, up the undiscovered west coast of Elsmere and Grinnell Land. When he gets ready he will buy a whaler, go as far as possible by ship, establish a base depot, and then push on by sledge with a single companion. Mr. Jackson's forthcoming book will be published in this country by the Harpers.

There used to be a hymn, based on a story, the gist of which was, "There's a light in the window for thee, brother!" A newspaper paragraph, dated "Springfield, Massachusetts, November 26" (1897), told of the death at West Springfield, at the age of ninety, of Miss Lucinda Day. Seventy years ago she had a lover who went to sea and was never after heard from. She had promised to place every night a candle in the window to greet him when he returned, and the story is that she never gave him up, but that the candle burned nightly for all those seventy years. There must be many middle-aged persons who remember the hymn, and will wonder whether Miss Day's candle was the basis of it. It is recorded that the faithful lady's sister is the widow of Israel Bliss, for forty years a missionary in Turkey, and that seems to make the connection between the candle and the hymn more probable.

It has not been disclosed whether Ernest Bazin, who died in Paris on January 21, died of disappointment or from more familiar causes. It will be remembered that he was the inventor of the roller-ship, which was to revolutionize ocean navigation by rolling over the waves instead of cutting through them. His experimental ship was launched August 19, 1896, and did not go as fast as was expected. If any further trials were made, the result of them was not noised abroad, nor has it transpired that anything came of the experiment except notoriety to the experimenter.

Ann Arbor advices do not confirm the recent reports that President Angell is not expected to resume his duties at the head of the University of Michigan. On the contrary, a despatch dated January 12 declares that it may be announced officially that Dr. Angell intends to return to Ann Arbor and to his former duties next fall.

It appears that, though physiology is a popular study in the public schools, there is a line beyond which it seems inexpedient to initiate school-children into the mysteries of animal life. On January 18 a cat was dissected in the public school of Matteawan, New York, and its inwards exhibited to all the scholars. It made some of the children sick, and seems to have scandalized a good many of the grown-ups of Matteawan, for lively remonstrances followed, the Board of Education met and passed a resolution prohibiting dissections in school, and the principal of the school is reported to have resigned. It seems safe to infer that public opinion does not favor at present the cutting up of cats in the public schools. Children who have exceptionally strong curiosity about the insides of animals can pursue their investigations to better advantage at home. A small boy who was recently found in the kitchen of his parents' flat separating the viscera of a fowl with a dull dinner-knife explained his occupation by saying that he was performing an operation on the liver of a dead chicken. That is almost as instructive as dissecting a cat, and a good deal less apt to make scandal.

For some months a good many worthy people have found a convenient measure of the intelligence of their fellows in that very popular story *Quo Vadis*. Not to have read *Quo Vadis* has been to confess one's self indifferent to letters; not to admire it beyond all the books of its year has been to admit incapacity to recognize merit. No opinion is here offered as to whether or not the book is a masterpiece, but it is noted that the worm that the *Quo Vadis* folks have trod on shows signs of beginning to turn. The New York *Times*, in a recent editorial paragraph, alludes to a reference to the book by Mr. John S. Wise, at the Princeton dinner in New York, and finds an opportunity to declare that the popularity of Mr. Sienkiewicz's deliverance is due to the fact that "it has enabled the large class of readers who admire E. P. Roe to get from a tale nominally religious minute descriptions of certain kinds of wickedness about which their curiosity is very great. The *Times* recklessly adds: "A more conscienceless 'pot-boiler' was never written by a man of talent." When we consider how large a share of the capital of the country is locked up in copies of *Quo Vadis*, and how enormous an amount of time has been spent by the people of this country in reading it, it is apparent that the dissemination of such views as the *Times* has expressed amounts to an assault on public confidence. It is a question how far such views may be extenuated on the ground that they make it easier for persons who have not read *Quo Vadis*, and don't intend to, to stay on the earth.

A Boston contemporary, in speaking of the demise of Linus M. Child, the distinguished Boston lawyer, observes that "although in his sixty-third year, up to the time of his death he was possessed of a rugged physique, and an energy that was extraordinary in a man of his years." The inference seems justified that at sixty-two a Boston man's energies are expected to have become pretty seriously impaired. Life must be more intense in Boston than has been surmised. In New York, at least, it is not the fashion to regard men still under sixty-five as persons who should be expected to show the ravages of time. To a man who has lived wisely the decade between sixty and seventy should be an enviable period, in which maturity of judgment is felicitously combined with intellectual vigor. To speak of sixty-two as an age for which allowances ought to be made is to favor too much the disposition, of current prevalence (of which so much complaint is made), to consider that the condition of inactivity known as "on the shelf" is that which best suits men over fifty. That way of thinking is fostered by the extraordinary forwardness of some young men. If Mr. Joseph Leiter, for example, is as successful in his wheat deal as he seems just now to expect, he will owe it to society to admit age and impaired faculties at thirty and retire from active business. So as to another young man. It was stated, under date of January 14, in the New York *Sun*, that Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard of the class of '83, and now thirty-eight years old, had just received from the Standard Oil Company the largest fee ever paid to a Boston lawyer. It was $200,000, and the same authority reported that Mr. Burrage had received $450,000 besides for services other than legal. Mr. Burrage, since he left college, has been, it seems, a corporation lawyer, a Councilman, and a State Transit Commissioner. He is now president of the Bay State Gas Company. Cases such as his, where professional efficiency meets with early and substantial recognition, suggest the propriety of appealing to successful young fellows to retire early and give the old men a chance. Perhaps it was by comparison with such Titans as Mr. Burrage and Mr. Leiter that Mr. Linus Child at sixty-two seemed energetic "for a man of his years."

It was pleasant to read Ambassador White's denial of the report that he and Mrs. White had been slighted by the nobility and gentry of Berlin. His cabled assurances are conclusive: "Emperor and all others have been most kind to us. I have never needed to call the attention of any person to any slight whatever. The notice regarding my reception was identical with that always issued after the presentation of an ambassador." This entirely sets at rest the rumor that Mr. White had been denied a second helping to pie at the imperial board. If it had turned out to be true that Mr. White had thought himself slighted, we should all have been sure he was right. Uncle Sam has no representative abroad whose judgment about the duties and privileges of ambassadors would carry more weight than Mr. White's.

The supposed discoveries of a European professor as to the determination of sex seem, on the whole, to make more for the increase of newspaper reading than for knowledge. His theory seems to be that where nourishment is abundant more females are born; where it is scarce, more males. The theory seems to excite very little confidence. If it were true, however, it would tally well with the economy of nature. More food, more females—more births, more mouths. Less food, more males—fewer births, more bread-winners. These deductions do not apply very closely to the *genus homo* in a state of civilization, but nature doesn't make allowances for civilization. Civilization is expected to know enough to take care of itself.

Boston is seriously engaged in saving Copley Square from being disfigured by tall buildings. The proposal is to have the Legislature fix a special limit of seventy or eighty feet to the height of buildings within five hundred feet of the square. Copley Square is very near to the heart of Boston culture. Dr. E. W. Cheever, one of the gentlemen who appeared the other day at the first hearing in the matter before a legislative committee, declared that, outside of Harvard, the square was the educational centre of New England. The immediate peril is the Hotel Westminster, which it is proposed to build on a lot adjoining Trinity Church, to a height overlooking the church towers. The Boston Library is sixty feet high to the eaves, and ninety to the top of the roof. The estimated value of public property on Copley Square is $6,800,000; of private property, $1,700,000.

There is a great deal more stir and discussion over the annexation of Hawaii than about the supposed discovery of the bacillus of whooping-cough, yet it can safely be left to any team of inter-collegiate debaters to settle whether the bacillus of whooping-cough is not really more mischievous, and so of greater consequence to the American people, than the bacillus of Hawaiian annexation. The news about the bacillus of whooping-cough takes the form of advices from Europe, published in the New York papers of January 20, to the effect that Dr. Czapelewski of Cologne confirms the discovery of the bacillus by Dr. Henry Koplik of New York. We are invited to believe that these two learned bacteriologists, working independently, have spread snares for this bacillus and have both caught the same creature. The next step, which may be expected soon to follow, will be the composition of a remedy for whooping-cough.

Meanwhile the bacillus of annexation continues at large.

The unanimous objection of the congregation of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to the retirement of Dr. John Hall from its pastorate has led Dr. Hall to withdraw his resignation. The congregation, a thousand strong, were unquestionably averse to parting with their pastor, though the session—the body immediately responsible for the church's pecuniary welfare—were willing to accept his resignation. The result is very satisfactory to the congregation, gratifying doubtless to Dr. Hall, and possibly conducive to the advancement of the session in philosophy. If there has been anything like a disagreement in this church as to the questions of policy, it has certainly been a disagreement between gentlemen, and has been conducted with remarkable politeness and discretion, and has raised remarkably few echoes.

A friend of the Weekly in Philadelphia feels called upon to make a few comments on a recent paragraph in this department about the liquor question in colleges. He says:

> While sympathizing with the statement as to the frequent intemperance (of speech) of those who have the subject much at heart, I can go with you no further. That abstinence is *not* intemperance is a truism that to the logical mind needs no demonstration. But where, I would ask, does intemperance begin? The effects of liquor are apparent long before the subject becomes intoxicated, and many a man who would scorn the accusation of drunkenness allows himself to enter that blissful state which, though it may be the admiration of the thoughtless, "cannot but make the judicious grieve." That it is the ambition of the average American parents that their sons shall tread this delicate balance-line may be true. But if so, alas for the nation of tight-rope walkers!

Intemperance begins at different points with different persons. Temperance by no means consists in merely avoiding drunkenness, but in avoiding such a use of wine or liquor as does you harm. There is no fault to be found with any one who says, "Since intoxicants are so dangerous and true temperance so difficult, I prefer not to drink at all." Such a person doubtless makes a wise choice. The man with whom fault may reasonably be found is he who says, "Since temperance is difficult, *you* shall not drink at all." And perhaps the chief fault to be found with this last person is that he undertakes what he cannot perform. He can keep liquor out of himself, but he cannot keep it out of you. That is a matter for you to settle, and your will must decide it. God did not choose to make us incapable of folly, but left us, apparently, to make our own choices and hoe our own rows. It seems to have been arranged in the beginning that folks who could take care of themselves should get along and others not. But since the creation government and other hinderances to the exclusive survival of the strong or wise have been invented, and have worked so well that there is always a tendency to overdo them. They ought not to be overdone. Free will is a great institution, and even our love for our neighbor does not excuse us for trying unduly to deprive him of the benefits of its action. Let your boys have as much free will as you dare trust them with; and as for college boys, you may be sure they will choose for themselves, and indeed one thing you send them to college for is to learn to make wise choices.

E. S. Martin.

THE DRAMA.

MR. R. C. CARTON'S new play at the Lyceum Theatre, entitled "The Tree of Knowledge," might fairly be described as a "genteel" melodrama. Once more the familiar old characters present themselves—the dreadfully wicked adventuress, the young men of varying degrees of inexperience who come under her spell, the sad-eyed parents, and lastly and chiefly, the beautiful and innocent young girl, so simple, yet so wise, and so willing, at the close of the last act, to lead the crestfallen hero into the straight and narrow path of domesticity.

The hero of Mr. Carton's piece is introduced after he has had his "fling." So we find *Nigil Stanyon* an exceedingly embittered young man. The story of his life with *Belle*—a poor name for an adventuress, by-the-way—which he tells his friend *Loftus Roupell*, he makes so dramatic that you wonder why it was not turned into a prologue. What an effective scene that would be where the man and woman sit in silence before the dying fire, thinking of their burned-out love! The mere narration of a dramatic episode on the stage is nearly always weak; when designed to be explanatory, it is a confession of weakness. The aim of the playwright should be, of course, to explain nothing, but to make his episodes convey their significance through the action of the characters. *Nigil's* explanation, however, forms the background from which the piece develops dramatically. His former mistress suddenly appears as the wife of his old comrade *Brian Hollingworth*. *Nigil* naturally holds his tongue, and *Roupell* looks so pleased and interested that we begin to suspect that he is the villain. Such, indeed, he proves to be as soon as *Belle* learns that her husband's father has been ruined, and she looks about for the fortune that she had hoped to secure through marriage. Her proposed elopement with *Roupell* is discovered by *Nigil*, who takes upon himself the task of saving his friend's "honor." This makes the much-exploited sensation in the fourth act, where *Nigil* uses physical violence to keep another man's wife from leaving her home! At this juncture the husband returns, and *Belle*, being expert at lying, offers an explanation that puts poor *Nigil* at a hideous disadvantage. Then the whole truth about the past breaks from *Nigil's* lips; and a very stirring outburst it is, too. The husband, however, does not discover how grossly he has been deceived till, a few hours later, when *Belle* takes her departure. As for *Nigil*, there is the angelic *ingénue* of melodrama waiting for him in the background.

By introducing this maiden, *Monica* by name, and a few other more or less angelic characters, Mr. Carton has tried to lighten his play, and to make effective his high "moral purpose." He evidently believes, or has persuaded himself to believe, that "The Tree of Knowledge" is a very moral play. A few silly people have tried to show that it is an immoral play. In reality, it is neither one thing nor the other. It is simply an ingenious piece of theatrical writing, having no more relation to genuine standards of morality than it has to real life. That scene in the fourth act may be rather bold, but it should be said, to give Mr. Carton his due, that the bias is always in favor of theatrical virtue. It would be hard to find any particular usefulness for a play like this; it interests for the time, but it never appeals to the intelligence, and such influence as it exerts is depressing. Even the humor is of the cheap kind, created by distortions of character. Mr. Carton has done much better work; he has shown a talent for writing comedies, built on a delightfully humorous observation of life. He would do well to return to efforts of this kind.

The drama had the advantage of a very good performance. Miss Julie Opp, her inexperience considered, showed remarkable facility and power as the adventuress. She gives promise of becoming one of the best of our actresses. In the rôle of *Monica*, Miss Mannering fairly beamed throughout the piece, playing with the unerring skill that she has shown in every part in which she has appeared here. Mr. Morgan, as *Nigil*, had a good chance to prove his quality. In the scene in the fourth act he acted with remarkable vigor, but during the rest of the piece he was monotonous and heavy. Mr. Felix Morris gave a rare performance of a retired army officer.

JULIA MARLOWE AS THE *COUNTESS VALESKA*.

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Mr. Daly's revival of "Twelfth Night" would be worth seeing for its pictorial and musical effects, if for no other reason. The arrangement of the piece is not by any means Shakespeare's arrangement; yet by the average play-goer this will not be considered a serious fault. As for the acting, it is an exasperating mixture of good and bad. Miss Rehan's performance is so fine in places that one follows it with delight in its grace, its spontaneity, its exquisite and infectious humor; then suddenly, in the midst of a scene, it will become so perverse in its misinterpretations and misreadings as to be almost painful. The sentimental side of *Viola's* character Miss Rehan makes absolutely mawkish, dragging out the love speeches with an absurd slowness, and with languishing attitudinizing.

Among the other performers, Mr. William F. Owen easily takes precedence by his brilliant impersonation of *Sir Toby Belch*. Mr. Owen is one of the very few Shakespearian comedians of ability that we now have. Mr. Clarke's style suits excellently the dry-as-dust character of *Malvolio*, and in the rôle of *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek* Mr. Herbert Gresham succeeds in being genuinely amusing. Several of Mr. Daly's actors make flagrant blunders in the reading of their lines. It would be useless to ask actors of the present day to suggest the music of Shakespeare's verse, but they might at least deliver the speeches with intelligence.

Mr. Robert Hilliard has lately been seen at Hoyt's Theatre in a new version of one of his old pieces, "Lost—Twenty-four Hours," which he now calls "A New-Yorker." This practice of changing the names of plays is reprehensible, and tends to mislead theatre-goers. Mr. Hilliard's farcical comedy gives him ample scope for his abilities as a light comedian, and enables Mrs. Louise Thorndike Boucicault, an actress whose cleverness would be more evident if she could free herself of certain annoying tricks of manners, to appear to some advantage.

It is a satisfaction to note that with "The Countess Valeska" Miss Julia Marlowe has won her first popular success in New York. Her performances are attracting large audiences to the Knickerbocker, and there has been talk of transferring the piece, at the close of her engagement there, to some other New York theatre. Miss Marlowe has found the New York audiences very hard to win, but, now that she has made a place for herself in their regard, she is likely to keep it. The present success of her new play will probably insure for it a good reception throughout the country.

JOHN D. BARRY.

MONICA (MISS MANNERING) AND *BELLE HOLLINGWORTH* (MISS OPP).

BELLE HOLLINGWORTH AND *NIGIL STANYON* (MR. MORGAN).

FROM "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE," AS PERFORMED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

THE KHEDIVE INSPECTING HIS FARM AT KOUBBEH IN HIS JAUNTING-CAR.

A VISIT TO THE KOUBBEH PALACE,

THE KHEDIVE'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY MAJOR J. FORTUNÉ NOTT.

IT is admitted, by every one conversant with the facts, that the young Khedive of Egypt has a very difficult position to fill. Few stay-at-home people realize fully the power of the Mohammedan religion upon its followers, how it moulds their characters, forms their opinions, and supplies the stand-point from which all their views are taken. Now that the benefits accruing from the British occupation have become evident to the dull minds of the fellaheen, whatever hostility exists against the English is largely due to the dictates of their religion. The Khedive is an Oriental ruler with Mohammedan subjects, and he is perpetually being forced to assent to transactions which are the outcome of Christian influence, and which consequently rouse the ire of the most fanatical of his subjects, who openly accuse him of pandering to English rule. On the other hand, the English residents say exactly the reverse, and quote chapter and verse to justify their opinions. Between these two stools he is perpetually falling. It would be impossible to do otherwise, for every action of any importance he takes must, of course, offend one side or the other. It is impossible, therefore, not to feel a certain amount of sympathy with a young ruler trying to fill a position which had been so surrounded with pitfalls that to steer clear of them all would tax to breaking-strain the powers of the most skilled and long-experienced diplomatists.

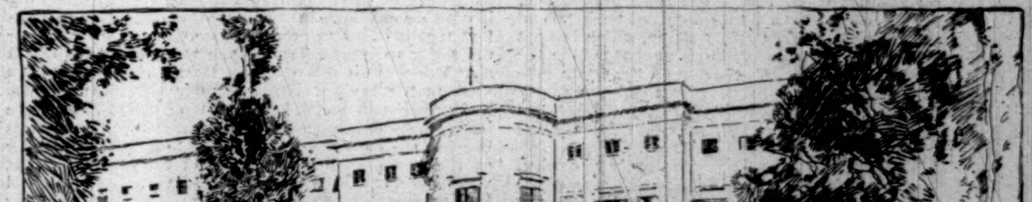
The Khedive may be said to lead two very distinct lives—the one in the pure gratification of natural tastes, the other being in conformity to that destiny which made him the heir to the position which his father and grandfather had occupied before him. The first he leads as a farmer and breeder in his fields and stables at Koubbeh; and the other when, in uniform, he transacts state business at his official residence, Abdeen Palace, in Cairo.

Koubbeh Palace was built by Tewfik Pasha, the present Khedive's father. It is situated some three or four miles outside Cairo, on the road to Heliopolis. It is called a palace, but in its appearance and surroundings it more nearly resembles a large English country house than any of the other residences in Egypt belonging to the Khedival family. And the life the Khedive leads at Koubbeh conforms to his environment there, for it is simply that of a hard-working country gentleman who farms his own land. In this way he finds relaxation from the worries that attend his life at Abdeen Palace, and, with a simplicity which is rare among Oriental rulers, by taste and inclination he is known to be prouder of being lord of the manor of Koubbeh than Khedive of Egypt.

The Khedive is often accused by writers in the newspapers of indolence, but no charge could possibly be made which would go wider of the mark. When the work he does at Abdeen, which is laborious in the extreme, is taken into consideration, the work he does at Koubbeh becomes surprising. He is a very early riser, and long before the European residents of Cairo are awake he is out superintending the work and issuing the necessary orders for the laborers on his lands. He has no bailiff, but does the work himself, for he has found from experience the benefits he derives from his own supervision, and the loss he sustains when that duty is entrusted to others. When thus engaged he drives about from one place to another in a small four-wheeled dog-cart, or now and again on an Irish jaunting-car. The thoroughness with which the Khedive does this work of supervision, and the results he attains by putting his heart and soul into it, are shown by the fact that the farm is made to pay—a result which is almost beyond belief when all things are taken into consideration, and it is remembered that this result has only been attained by the Khedive's doing the daily work required before he goes to Abdeen and after his return, or, in other words, before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon. And the duty he has to perform between these hours is of the most harassing and wearing description.

A great deal of it is, of course, merely ceremonial, but large doses of the kind of work which can be classified under this head, and which are *de rigueur* in the palaces of Eastern countries, must be more trying and exhausting ordeals, as part and parcel of a day's duty, than many forms of manual labor. Besides the reports continually arriving from the various departments, which have to be read and their contents mastered, foreign consuls have to be seen; visitors from other countries who come properly vouched for by the representatives of their respective governments have to be given audiences, at which a few appropriate and courteous words must be exchanged; then come men who view things from a totally different stand-point; deputations from the mosques, from the bazars, or sheiks from some influential tribes of Bedouins, who call to pay their respects to the young ruler of the country. All these men have to be spoken to with tact and with a previously acquired knowledge of the subjects which interest them. A morning spent in the reception or ante room of Abdeen Palace would soon convince an intelligent observer that the Khedive, who has to attend to all the people who therein assemble daily, and in addition to give anxious consideration to the many political questions which crop up with mushroom growth in the Egypt of to-day, cannot correctly be described as an indolent man.

Apart from any other consideration, Abdeen Palace is a very pleasant place for a visitor to spend an idle morning in. It is the focal point for the representatives of nearly all the types of dress and nationality which go so far in making the picturesqueness of Cairo street scenes. Every grade, from the officers of the army of occupation in their gala uniforms to the dark-faced Bedouins in their flowing robes from the desert, seem to forgather in the place. Diplomatists, engineers, civil servants, English nobles, can be seen side by side with Egyptian pashas, cigarette-smoking Turks, turbaned Ulemas in gorgeous silks, and the dark-clad priests of Christian sects. To intelligently discuss, as the Khedive does, the bewildering variety of matters which bring these men to seek an in-



KOUBBEH PALACE, THE KHEDIVE'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NEAR CAIRO.

terview with him proves that he has an intelligence of a very high order. But the mental labor involved and the anxiety resulting must, outside of every other trouble, make his position far from the bed of roses some people like to pronounce it.

The Khedive is a great lover of animals, especially of horses, and his stud-farm is by far the best in Egypt. There are about sixty mares, the majority of them being Arabs. The horses used for carriage purposes are Austrian, and a few are English bred. In one stall is the famous stallion Silverstreak, which the late Colonel North presented to his Highness; and in another is an Arab of the purest breed, one of a pair sent to Koubbeh by the Sultan. At the back of the stables there is a dairy farm modelled on English lines, and having all the necessary utensils and machinery of the latest designs. Everything is spick-and-span and scrupulously clean, and consequently in startling contrast with the majority of Egyptian dairies.

The Khedive has tried in every way to see if he can improve the breeds of Egyptian poultry—a consummation devoutly to be wished for, not only by the residents, but by every visitor to the country. His experiments have been varied and numerous, for his poultry-yards are well stocked with English and European birds.

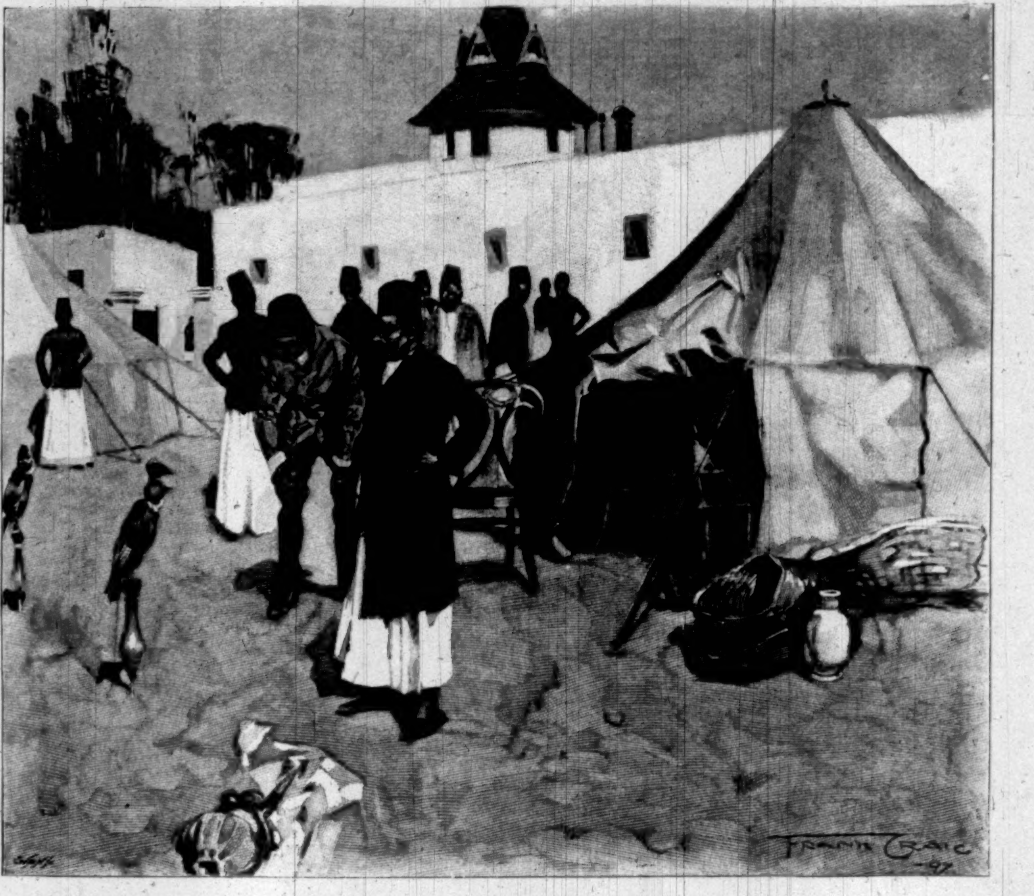
In the camel-stables there are 176 animals, and the Khedive is always trying to encourage his subjects to give attention to camel-breeding, for he quite appreciates the utility of these ungainly quadrupeds, and knows how materially they add to and create the prosperity of the fellahin portion of the population. The camels are under the charge of an old retainer of the Khedive's family, whose age no one knows; but he was head camelman to Said Pasha forty years ago, and therefore his experience must be very considerable. These camels are used by the Khedive on his excursions into the desert. His guards are mounted on them, and he keeps in his pay a camel band, which accompanies him on such occasions.

The land around Koubbeh is kept in a high state of cultivation, and the magnificent crops cultivated thereon are the very best samples of the products of various kinds which can be raised in Egypt, and in themselves are evidence of that wonderful fertility for which that portion of the country which is reached by the Nile overflow is renowned.

But perhaps the Khedive's private work is seen at its best when the village of Koubbeh is inspected. It is a perfect model of what an Egyptian village should be, and as an object-lesson should be seen and studied by every pasha and sheik in the country. The village is occupied almost entirely by the men and their families, who are employed by the Khedive, being for the most part the laborers on the estate. This village has been built by the Khedive, and while making the interior and exterior arrangements of the houses conform in every particular with those of the ordinary villages in Egypt, he has nevertheless shown the people that, despite the simple conditions of their houses, cleanliness and several degrees more comfort can be obtained with very little effort. He insists on everything in this village being kept as clean and wholesome as labor and direct supervision can make it. He often inspects the place himself, and the sheik of the village is held to be personally responsible if anything is found amiss. The village has a fire brigade, which is fairly well equipped with hose and buckets, and it owns a first-class Merryweather pump, which is kept bright and serviceable. The sergeant in charge is in the pay of the Khedive, and the workmen on the estate take it in turns to don the uniform of firemen and go on duty at the station. In this way all the men of the village get fire drill, and learn how to handle with efficiency the various appliances.

The children have not been forgotten, for they have had a school established for them which in brightness, cleanliness, and equipment with educational devices, such as maps, models, and books, is far above many small private schools in England. The results of making the children attend this school are writ large all over the village, for there is an air of contentment and happiness about the well-behaved and clean-looking children at Koubbeh which must, when the Khedive looks around at the other villages in the neighborhood, be in itself a reward for his efforts in trying to make his work-people contented and comfortable.

A close inspection of this village is all that is needed to convince any unprejudiced person that there must be a great deal of good in a man who, as young as the Khedive was when he returned to Egypt as its ruler in 1892—for he was then only eighteen—could at once start to make his private estate a model one; and this was not done by indolently giving orders, after the manner of his grandfather and the pashas of his period, but, figuratively speaking, by taking off his coat and doing the work himself, thereby ensuring its thoroughness and supplying a wholesome example. In trying to form an estimate of the Khedive's character it is better to have facts than fictions, which are often the outcome of mendacity and bias. In the long-run the truth, as shown by the facts, will be found to prevail. Koubbeh farm and village are facts which speak for themselves, and to the unprejudiced exhibit a side to the character of the Khedive which is the one that must enhance him in the opinion of those who know him best and speak well of him, for it is the one about which his detractors keep silence.



OUTSIDE THE TENTS OF THE PRIVATE CAMEL CORPS AT KOUBBEH.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL.

The Grand Central Station, of which the transformation is now almost completed, has in its original state served the needs of New York since 1871. It has never served them well. When it was opened it was acclaimed as a wonder, and, in fact, it was remarkable for magnitude. The semicircular roof, carried upon arched trusses, was one of the largest, or the second largest, spans bridged anywhere by like means. This remains, and it is still an interesting piece of engineering. There were those who pretended to admire its architecture, but they were not of the critical classes. Indeed, the architecture was rather singularly bad. There was upon the south front an opportunity for a far-seen tower, at the point which stops the vista of Fourth Avenue looking northward. A tower here would have been visible and conspicuous all the way from Union Square. "Instead of which" the tallest feature of the south front was at its centre, and commanded a view only across the way, from where alone the clock-face which was relieved against its cupola was legible. It is unnecessary to remind New-Yorkers that the architecture consisted merely in the application of quoins, doubled pilasters, modillioned cornices, and other classic features, in cast iron painted white, to expanses of red pressed brick.

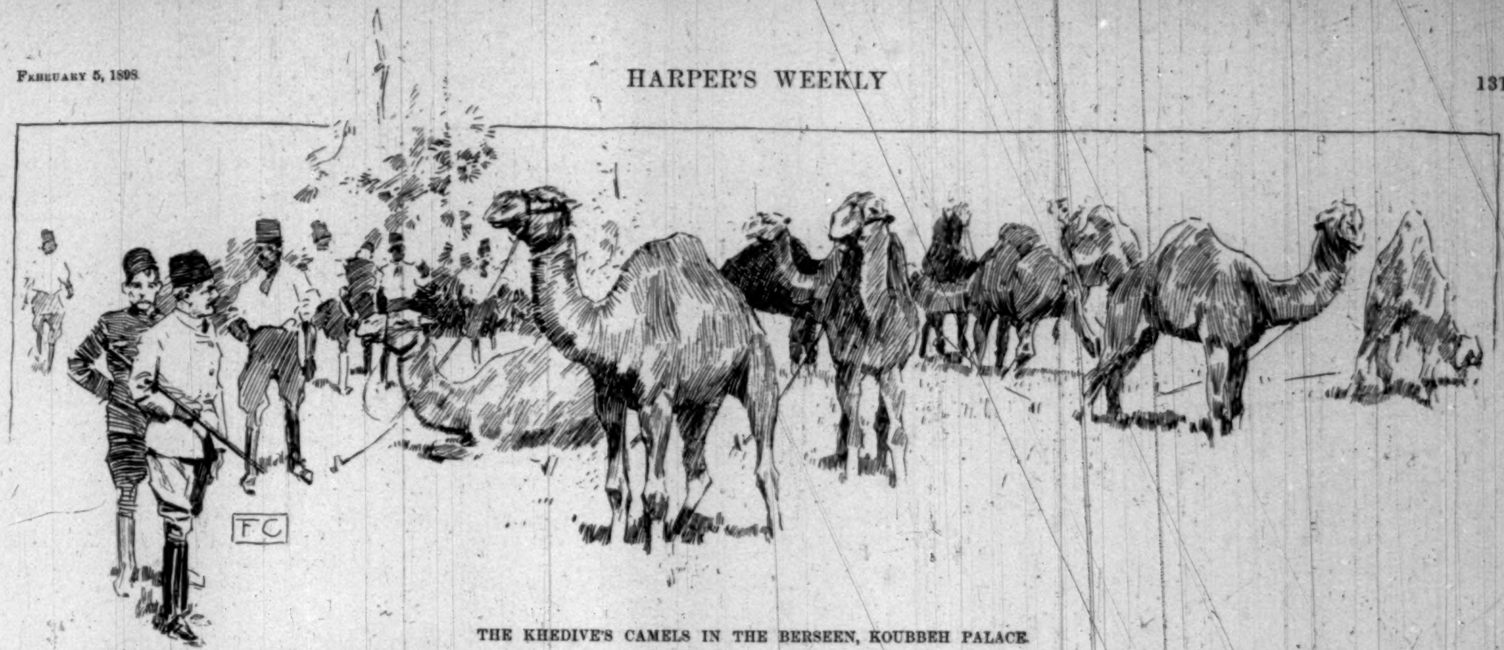
However, it was not the badness of its architecture that could have justified a practical railroad company in demolishing it, or even in surrounding and surmounting it with an envelope in which it disappears. It was the fact that it failed to accommodate the traffic. It never did really accommodate even the moderate traffic which sought it when it was opened. During the twenty-seven years that have since elapsed scarcely a traveller who has had occasion to use it has been too hurried to execrate its arrangement in passing. In truth, the more he was hurried, the more he was tempted to impatient wonder at the ingenious inconvenience of the provision that was made for failing to welcome him coming and speed him parting. If he was bound northeastward he was comparatively at ease, for his waiting-room and ticket-room were at the south entrance. But if he was going to Albany or the West, he found himself forced to take a considerable excursion—of two blocks, in fact—to the ticket-office, and then, after being admitted to the train-shed, to retrace his steps to the south end of the building, and then turn about once more to the north and walk up a platform to where his train happened to be in waiting. The exercise thus imposed upon him by an ingenious architect amounted, in the average, without exaggeration, to a quarter of a mile; and the effect of it upon a wayfaring man laden with a portmanteau was such an irritation as in the bosom of an Englishman would have discharged itself in multitudinous letters to the London *Times*. But we are a more patient race. If the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company had not of its own free will and good pleasure chosen to bestow upon us a new station, we should probably have waited for it another twenty-seven years.

But really the Grand Central, which in the lengthening interval from its erection had belied and justified its name, and become Central while conspicuously ceasing to be Grand, reflected most disagreeably upon the metropolitan pretensions of the city. There is not a town in the country of a quarter the size of New York which is not better equipped in this respect, and such stations as that of the Boston and Maine in Boston, the Illinois Central (better known to New-Yorkers who know it at all as the Michigan Central) in Chicago, the Pennsylvania and the Reading in Philadelphia, and the magnificent Union Station in St. Louis have put New York to an open shame. Some ten years ago there was erected, by way of some relief to the congestion and some alleviation to the travelling public, an incoming station, just east of the Grand Central, and an annex to it. This is much more intelligently planned than the parent building, consisting of an unpretentious train-shed, and a vestibule which gives access to the street and to the station of the elevated road. But it was a makeshift, and could only postpone a more comprehensive provision. A traffic which had grown to a yearly aggregate of 11,476,000, being a daily average of over 31,000, had put a strain upon the original provision which it could no longer endure. And the offices of the companies, housed in the same building, had become equally inadequate with the expansion of the business, and many of them were "colonized" in the neighborhood.

No doubt the depot's enlargement and reconstruction would have taken place before the pressure became intolerable but for the great inconvenience of reconstructing the station while it was in use. This inconvenience, it is only fair to say, has been felt almost exclusively by the constructors, and scarcely at all by the public. Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, who was selected as the architect, makes a specialty of railroad work, and has designed more large stations than any other member of his profession. Among his works are the station at the south end of the Lake Park in Chicago, used by the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, and the "Big Four"; the station at Concord, New Hampshire, the largest north of Boston; and the largest station in Mexico. He found a particularly trying problem, in architecture as well as in construction, seeing that it was necessary to make his additions conform to such of the old work as was to be retained, and this was by no means eligible as a model.

It will be agreed that he has come out of this ungrateful task as well as could have been expected. The differences of surface between the old and new work, which could not have been dissembled except by painting, have been concealed under a uniform envelope of artificial stone, the "features," as before, being of metal, also in the interest of uniformity. The offices have been raised from three stories to six. The central feature of the south front has been suppressed, or rather subdued; a lofty tower has been erected so as to close the vista of Fourth Avenue, and one still loftier at the southwest corner of the building, to which the architecture of each side converges. Other towers are placed in the axes of Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. The result promises to be imposing by dint of the unusual magnitude of the building, and by the successful emphasis which has been laid upon the horizontal dimension by the design, the vertical lines and features being introduced mainly for the relief of what would otherwise be monotony.

But it is the interior which will attract most of the attention of a long-suffering travelling public, whose sufferings from avoidable delay and discomfort seem now to be near an end. The scene of their former sufferings will be converted into the baggage-rooms, which form a continuous fringe along the west front, with a connection by subway under the tracks to the incoming station. The south front is given to a common waiting-room for all the roads which use the station. To make this amply spacious, four bays of what has heretofore been included in the train-shed will be included in it, and the north end moved back correspondingly, and the total length of the station by so much increased. The dimensions of the apartment thus secured are 100 feet by 200, and it may be interesting to know that it will be "the largest in the world," the next largest in this country being that of the proposed South Terminal Station in Boston, 65 by 265 feet, and the largest now being that of the Illinois Central in Chicago, 100 by 150. What will convey a clearer notion to the users of the old Grand Central is the fact that of all the old waiting-rooms combined the area is 12,000 square feet, while the available floor space of the new room, with its dependencies, will be 28,000. Even if this does not stagger the credulity of the ex-wayfaring man, it will be staggered by the announcement that it is seriously proposed to put an elevator into the southeast pavillion to hoist him to the platform of the elevated road. As will be seen by the illustration, this great waiting-room will be a shapely and lofty apartment. It will be amply lighted from the ends, the sides, and the ceiling, which is of glazed panels in a structure of steel. The cost of the new work is over half a million.

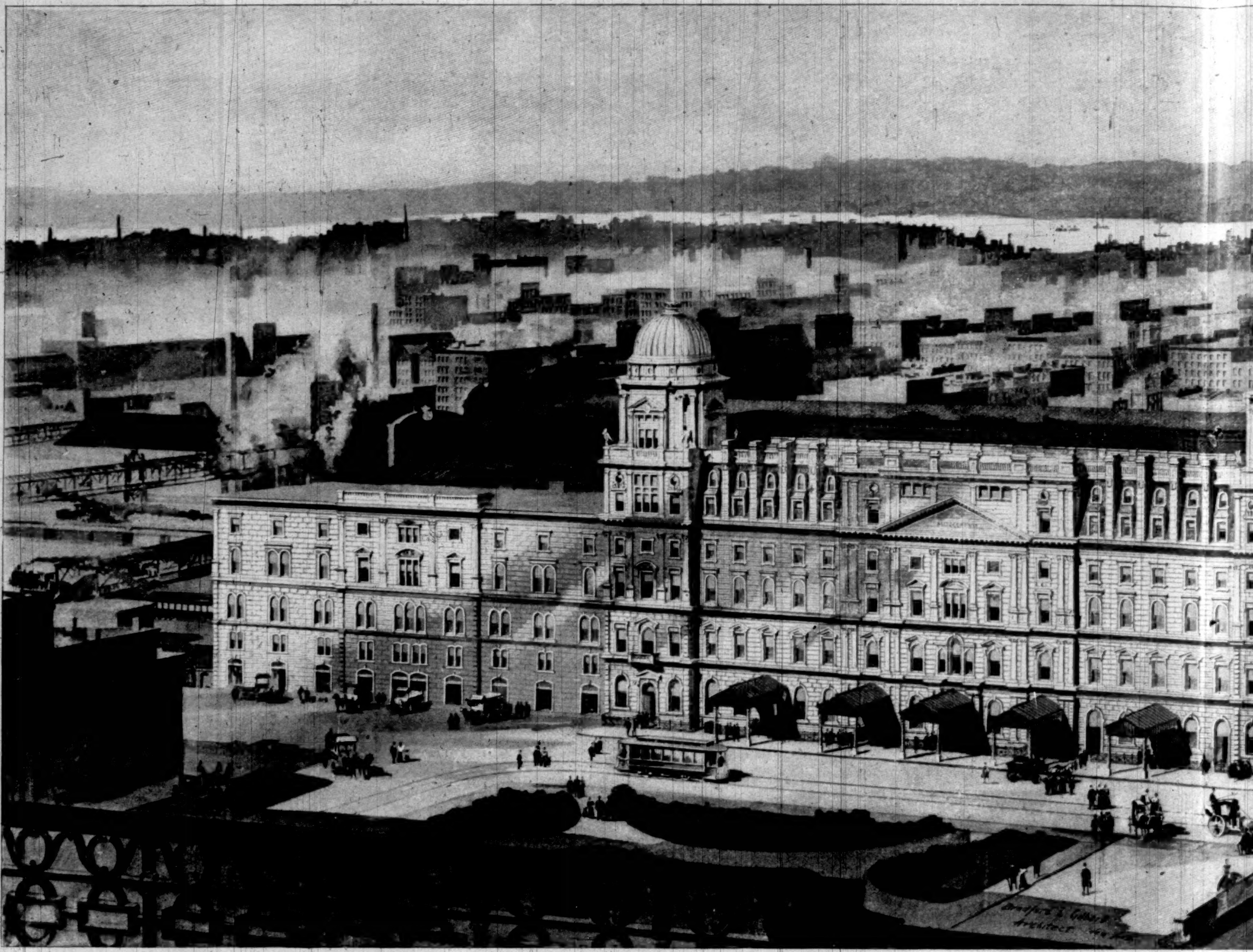


THE KHEDIVE'S CAMELS IN THE BERSEEN, KOUBBEH PALACE.

THE KHEDIVE DRIVING THROUGH A STREET OF THE VILLAGE OF KOUBBEH.

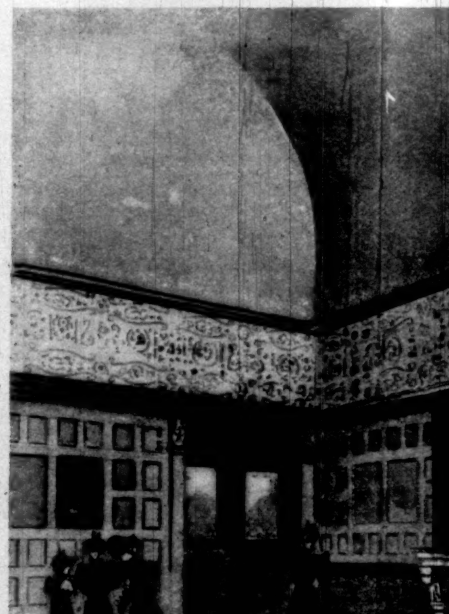
HEAD CAMELMAN WITH THE KHEDIVE'S CAMEL.

THE KHEDIVE LEAVING ABDEEN PALACE FOR KOUBBEH.



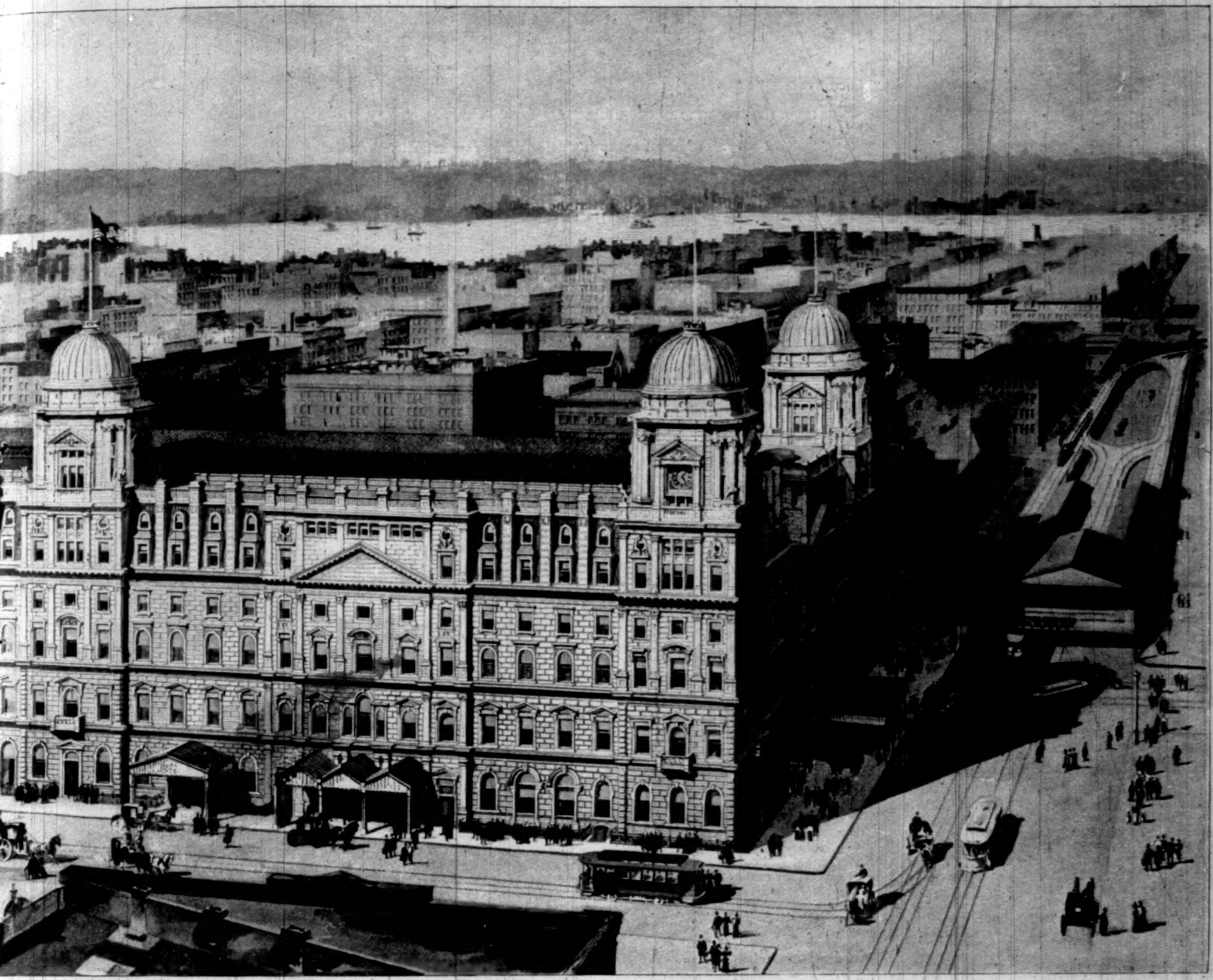
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE REMODELLED GRAND CENTRAL STATION,

EAST END OF THE GENERAL WAITING-ROOM, SHOWING STAIRWAY TO THE ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.



A CORNER IN THE WOMEN'S ROO

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.—



...ATION, FROM THE BALCONY OF THE MANHATTAN HOTEL.

...'S ROOM.

THE GENERAL WAITING-ROOM—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD—LOOKING NORTHEAST.

...RK.—Bradford L. Gilbert, Architect.—[See Page 130.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VISION IN THE CRYSTAL.

MASTER GERARD, however, did not seem to be aware of her presence, for he continued his catechism steadily.

"You mocked at their terrors, did you not, and told them that you, who had seen the teeth of the Duke's hounds, had nothing to fear from the bare gums of the White Wolf?"

"I knew that they but played," I answered, "and that I had little to fear."

For with Ysolinde von Sturm watching me with her eyes I could not for very shame's sake make myself great.

"You told them more than that," the girl cried, suddenly flashing on me a look keen as the light on a sword when it comes home from the cutler. "You told them that you too desired a freer commonwealth!"

"I did," said I, flushing quickly, for I had thought to keep my thumb on that.

Nevertheless, I was not going back on my spoken word even in the presence of Duke Casimir's inquisitor. Besides which I judged that my father had influence enough to bring me out scathless.

"That is well and bravely said!" he replied, smiling with thin lips which in all their constant writhings showed no vestige of teeth within; "but the sentiment itself is somewhat strange in the son of the Red Axe and the future Executioner of Justice in the Wolfmark."

Then for the first time I permitted my eyes to rest on the lithe figure of the girl in the doorway. Methought she inclined her head a little forward to catch my answer, as if it had been a matter of interest to her.

"I am indeed son of the Red Axe," said I, "but my own head would underlie it rather than that I should ever be Hereditary Justicer of the Mark."

A smile that was meant for me passed over the girl's face and momently sweetened her lips. She straightened her body and set a hand more easily to her waist. A certain kindness dwelt in her emerald eyes.

"Never be Duke's Justicer!" cried Master Gerard, looking up with his hand on a skull; "this is unheard of! Are not you the only son of Gottfried Gottfried, right hand of Duke Casimir, highest in favor with his Grace? And within two years, according to the law of the headsman, must you not also don the Red and the Black and stand at the Duke's left hand, as your father at his right, when he sits in judgment?"

I bowed my head for answer.

"Even so," said I, "but long before that time I shall be either in a far country waging the wars of another lord, or in a country yet farther—that to which the men of my race have directed so many untimeously."

"Have you at all thought of the land or the lord to whom you would transfer your allegiance?" said Gerard von Sturm, carelessly rapping with his fingers on the bare white of the skull before him.

"I have not," I replied as easily.

He looked down a moment and drew his black robe thoughtfully over his knee, as if turning the matter over in his mind. "What think you of Plassenburg and the service of Prince Karl?" he said at last.

"The place is too near, and the man a usurper!" I replied, brusquely.

"I am not so sure," Master Gerard mused slowly, "that it might not be advantageous to bide near home. Duke Casimir is mortal, after all—long and prosperously may he live!" (here he inclined his head piously while naming his master). "But who knows how long he may be spared to reign over a loving people? And after that, why, there may be more usurpers. For by the name 'usurper' the ignorant mostly mean men of the strong heart and sure brain, who can hold that which they have with one hand and reach out for more with the other."

While he spoke thus he looked at me with his green eyes half closed.

"But," said I, calmly enough, though my heart beat fast, "I am but a lad untried. I may never rise beyond a private soldier. I may be killed at the first assault of my virgin campaign."

Master Gerard looked up quickly. He beckoned to his daughter. For though by no faintest gesture had he betrayed his knowledge of her presence, he had yet clearly known it all the time.

"Ysolinde," he said, "bring hither thy crystal."

The maid disappeared, and presently returned with a ball in her hand of some substance which looked like misty glass.

"I have been looking in it already," she said, "ever since Hugo Gottfried came out of the Red Tower."

Her voice was soft and even, with the same sough in it as of the wind among poplar-trees which I had heard in the rustle of her silken dress as she came up the stair.

"And what," asked her father, "have you seen in the crystal, child of my heart?"

He looked up at me with some little shamefacedness, or so I imagined.

"I am a dry old man of the law," he went on, "dusty of heart as those black books up yonder—books not of magic, but of fact, of crime and pain and penalty. But this my daughter Ysolinde, wise from a child, solaces herself with the white innocent magic, such as helps man and brings him nearer that which is unseen."

The maid knelt by her father's knee, and held the crystal ball in the hollow of her hands against the sable of his velvet robe. She passed one hand swiftly twice or thrice over her brow, as though to clear away some cobwebs, gossamer thin, that had folded themselves across her vision. Then, in the same wistful, wind-soft voice, she began to speak. And as she spoke, all that I had loved and known began to pass from before me. I forgot my father. I forgot the Red Tower. I forgot (God forgive me, yet help it I could not) the little Princess Playmate and her sweetest eyes. I forgot all else save this lithe, serpentine maiden with the massive crown of burned and tawny gold upon her head.

"I see," she began, "a long street, and many men struggling on it—the Wolf of the Wolfmark, the Eagle of Plassenburg, are face to face. I see Red Karl the Prince. The young Wolf has the better of it. He bites his lip and drives hard. The Prince is down. He is wounded. He is like to die. The Wolf will drive all to destruction.

"But see!"—she sighed and paused the while as if that which she saw next touched her—"from the swelter in the rear comes a young soldier. He has lost his helmet. I see his head. It is a fair head with crisp curls. He has a sword in his hand and he lays well about him. He cuts a way to the Prince—he bestrides his body.

"Give way there, scullions, that I may see more!" she cried, impetuously, and waved her hand before her eyes, which were fixed expressionless on the crystal. "I see him again. Well done, young soldier! Valiantly laid on. It is great sword-play. Bravo! The Wolf is down. The Eagle of Plassenburg is up—I can see no more!"

And suddenly she dropped the ball, which would have rolled off her father's knee had he not caught it as it fell.

Ysolinde kept her head on Master Gerard's lap for a long minute, as if after the vision of the crystal she could not bear the common light nor speak of meaner things. Then, without once looking at me, she rose, gathered her skirts in her hand, and glided out of the doorway in which she had stood.

When she was quite gone her father held a bony hand across to me.

"That is a great fate which she has read for you—never have I seen her so moved, nor yet her vision so clear and unmistakable. Surely the sooner you seek the service of the Prince of Plassenburg the better."

"But," said I, "how do I know that he will accept me? He may not wish to retain in his service the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfmark."

Master von Sturm smiled subtly at me.

"I cannot tell," he said, "why it is that I have an interest in you. But I desire to see you other than that which you are. I have, strange as it may seem in one of such humble degree here in the city of Thorn, whom all may consult without fee or reward, a certain influence and place in the councils of the reigning Prince of Plassenburg. If, therefore, you will take service with him, I can give you such an introduction as will guarantee you a place, not as man-at-arms, but as officer, so that your way may lie before you clear from the first. Also, in this promotion you shall have a good and sufficient reason to give those who may accuse you of changing your service."

I could not answer him for gladness. The hope seemed so unbelievable—the fortune too grateful to be true. I was overcome, and, as I guess, showed it in my face. For twice I essayed to speak, and could not.

So that Master Gerard rose and glided over to me, patting me kindly enough on the shoulders and bidding me take courage, saying that he loved to see modesty in this untoward generation, in which there was little virtue and no gratitude at all.

So I grasped him by the hand and kissed his thin, bony fingers.

"Bide ye, bide ye," he said; "one day I may kiss yours an you be active. The wide spaces of Destiny lie before you, though I shall not live to see it. But you must bestir you, for I am an old man, and have not far to travel now to the place from which one leaps off into the dark."

He conducted me to the door of his chamber, and gave me his hand again with the same inscrutable smile on his thin face, and his skull-cap pushed farther back than ever over the flat, ophidian brow.

"When you have all things ready," he said, "come to me for the letter of introduction, and also for that which may obtain you a worthy outfit for your journeying to Plassenburg. Or if you are already Sir Proud-Heart, you can repay me one day, with usury if you will. I care not to stand on observances with you, nor desire that you should feel any obligation to a feeble old man."

"I am not proud," I said, "and my sense of obligation is already greater than ever I can hope to discharge."

"I thank you, my lad," he said. "Often have I wished for a son of the flesh like you as you passed the window with your companions—but go, go!"

And with his hand he pushed me out upon the stair-head and shut the door.

For a space I knew not where I stood. For what with the turmoil of my thoughts and the myriad of impressions—hopes, fears, visions, regrets to leave the Red Tower, the City of Thorn, the hope of seeing again that high-poised head of burned gold of the Lady Ysolinde—I paused stock-still, moidered and dazed, till a light hand touched me on the shoulder and the soft even voice spoke in my ear.

"Master Hugo," said the Lady Ysolinde, bending kindly to me, "I am glad, very glad—aye, though you have made my head ache" (here she nodded blamefully, and laid her hand upon her heart, as if that ached too)—"yes, made my head ache with telling your fortune. Oh, it is the best of fortunes, and sure to come true. Because have I seen it at six o'clock of a Thursday in the time of full moon.

"Come hither," she said, beckoning me; "we shall try another way of it yet, in spite of the headache. It may be that there is more that concerns you for me to see in the ink pool."

With this she took my hand, and almost pulled me down the stairs by force. As we went I saw the wild head and staring eyeballs of Jan the Lubber Fiend peering at us. He was lying on the back staircase, prone on his stomach, apparently extending from top to bottom down the swirl of it, and with his chin poised on the topmost step. But as we came down the stair his head seemed to be wholly detached from any body. The red ears actually flapped with mirthful pleasure and anticipation at the sight of the Lady Ysolinde, and no man could see both the beginning and end of that smile.

"Lubber Jan," said she, "go and sit in the yard. The servants will be complaining of thee again that they cannot come up the staircase, even as they did before."

"Then, if I do," mumbled the monster, "will you look out of window at least once in each hour, between every stroke of the clock? Else will Jan not stop in the yard, but come within to feast his eyes on thee."

"Yes, Jan," she said, smiling with a gentle complaisance which made me like her somewhat better than before, "I will look out at least once in the hour."

And turning a little she smiled again at me, still holding me by the hand. The Lubber Fiend pulled his forelock, and reaching downward his head, as if he had the power of stretching out his neck like an arm, he kissed the cold pavement where her foot had rested a moment before. Then he rather retracted himself, serpentwise, than betook him in Christian fashion down the stair, and we heard him move out amid a babel of servatorial recriminations into the outer yard.

"A poor innocent," said the Lady Ysolinde; "one that worships me, as you see. He is so great of stature and so uncouth that the children persecute him, and some day he may do one of them an injury. Years ago I rescued him from an evil pack of them and brought him hither. So that is the reason why he cleaves to me."

"An excellent reason, my lady," said I, "for any to cleave to you."

"Ah," she said, wistfully, "only fools think of Ysolinde in the city of Thorn. Some are afraid and pass by, and the rest are as the dogs that lick the garbage in the streets. Here I have no friends, save my father only, and here or elsewhere I have never had any that truly loved me!"

"But you are young—you are fair," I answered. "Many must come seeking your favor." Thus did I begin lumpishly enough to comfort her. But at my first words she snatched her fingers away angrily, and then in a moment relented.

"You mean well," she said, giving her hand back to me again, "but it is not pity Ysolinde needs, nor yet desires. But that is no matter. Come in hither and see what may abide for you in the depths of the black pool."

At the curtained doorway she turned and looked me in the eyes.

"If you were as other young men it would be easy for you to misjudge me. This is mine own work-chamber, and I bid you come into it, having seen you but an hour ago. Yet never a man save my father only hath set his foot in it before. Inquire carefully of your companions in the city of Thorn, and if any make pretension to acquaintance with the Lady Ysolinde of the White Gate, strike him in the face and call him liar, for the sake of the favor I have shown you, and the vision I saw concerning you in the crystal."

I stooped and kissed her hand, which was burning hot—a thin little hand with long, supple fingers which bent in one's grasp.

"The man who would pretend to such a thing is dead even as he speaks," said I; and I meant it fully.

"I thank you—it is well," she answered, leading me in. "I only desired that you should not misjudge me."

"That could I never do if I would," I made her answer. "Here my every thought is reverence, as in the oratory of a saint."

She smiled a strange smile.

"Mayhap that is rather more than I desire," she said. "Say rather in the maiden bower of a woman who knows well whom she may trust."

Again I kissed her hand for the correction. And, as I remembered afterwards, it was at that hour that the little Princess Playmate was used to look within my chamber to see that all was ready for me.

And, had I known it, even that night she stooped over and kissed the pillow where my head was to lie.

"Dear love!" she was used to say.

Alas that I heard it not then!

CHAPTER XII.

EYES OF EMERALD.

IT was a strange little room into which the Lady Ysolinde brought me, full of quaint, changeful scents, and all ablaze with colors, the like of which I had never seen. For not only were rugs and mats of quaint design scattered over the floor, but there was colored glass in the small, deeply set windows. Yet that which affected me most powerfully was a curious, clinging, evanescent odor, which came and went like a breeze through an open window. I liked it not at first, but after a little it went to my head like a perfumed wine of Greece, such as the men of Venice sometimes send to our Northern lands with their embassies of merchandise.

Altogether it was a strange enough apartment for the daughter of a lawyer in the city of Thorn, within a mile of the bare feudal strengths of the Red Tower and the Wolfsberg.

All this time Ysolinde had kept my hand, a thing which at once thrilled and shamed me. For though I had never been what is called "in love" with the Little Playmate, nor till that day spoken a word to her my father might not have heard, yet hitherto she had always been first and sole in my heart whenever I thought on the things that were to be.

When once the Lady Ysolinde had brought me to her chamber, she bade me sit upon an oaken folding-stool beside a table on which lay weapons of curious design—crooked knives and poisoned arrows, as she told me. Then she went to an ivory cupboard of the Orient (or, as they are called in Holy Writ, "an ivory palace"), and opening the beautifully fitting door, she took from it a small square bottle, which she held between her and the light.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"WHEN SHE SAW ME SHE WENT INTO THE SITTING-ROOM."

"It is well," she said, looking long and carefully at it; "it will flow!"

And coming to the table and pouring some of the shining black liquid into the palm of her left hand, she sat down beside me on the stool and gazed steadily into the little pool of ink.

It was strange to me to sit thus motionless beside a beautiful woman (for such I then thought her)—so near that I could feel the warmth of her body through the silken fineness of her sea-green gown. I glanced up at her eyes. They were fixed, and, as it seemed, glazed also. But the emerald in them, usually dark as the sea depths, had opal lights in it now, and her lips moved like those of a devotee kneeling in a church.

Presently she began to speak.

"Hugo—Hugo Gottfried, son of the Red Axe," she said, in the same hushed voice as before, most like running water murmuring in a deep runnel underground, "you will live to be a man fortunate, well beloved. You shall know love—yes, more than one shall love you. But you shall love one only. I see the woman on whom your fate depends, yet not clearly—it may be because my desire is so great to see her face. But she is tall and moves like a queen. She is clad in white like a bride, and her arms are held out to you.

"But another shall love you, and between them there is darkness and hate, from which come bursting flames of fire, bringing forth lightnings and angers and deadly jealousies!

"Again I see you great, honored, and sitting on a high seat. The woman whose face I cannot distinguish is beside you, clothed in a robe of purple. And, yes, she wears a crown on her head like the coronet of a queen."

Ysolinde withdrew her eyes gradually from the ink pool, as if it were a pain to look, yet a greater to look away. Then with a quick jerk she threw up her head, and tears were standing in her eyes, ready to overflow. And the wetness made them beautiful, like a pebble of bright colors with the dew upon it and shone on by the sunshine of the morning.

"You hurt me," she murmured, reproachfully, looking at me more like a child than ever I had seen her. She was very near to me.

"*I* make you suffer!" cried I, greatly astonished. "How can Hugo Gottfried have done this thing?"

For it seemed impossible that a poor lad, and one alien by his birth from the hearts of ordinary folks, should yet have the power to make a great lady suffer. For a great lady I knew Ysolinde to be even then, when her father seemed to be no more in the city of Thorn than Master Gerard, the fount and treasure-house of law and composer-general of quarrels.

But I might have known that he was no true lawyer to be so eager about that last. For upon the continuance and fostering of quarrels the law-men of all nations thrive, and eat their bread with honey thereto.

As my father often said: "Better the Red Axe than the scrivener's goose-quill. My solution is kindlier, sooner over, hurts less, and is all the same in the end!"

Ysolinde thought a little before she answered me.

"No man ever made me suffer thus before," she said, "though I have seen and known many men. I am older than you, Hugo, and have travelled in many countries, the lands from which these things came. But true love, the pain and the pleasure of it, have I not known."

She leaned her head on her hand, and her elbow on the table, turning thus to look long and intently at me. I felt oafish and awkward as Jan Lubber Fiend might have done before the King. Many things I wished to say and do with that slender figure and lissome waist so near me. But I knew not how to begin. Yet I think the desire came not so much from love or passion, but rather from a natural longing to explore those mysteries concerning which I had heard so much after Friar Laurence had done me the service of teaching me French. But it was well that stupidity was my friend. For, rebounding like a vain upstart young monkey from my mood of self-depreciation, I must needs hold it for certain that all was within my grasp, and that the Lady Ysolinde expected as much of me, which thing would have wrought my downfall.

"You ride soon to Plassenburg, I hear," she said, after she had looked at me a long time steadily, with the emerald eyes shining upon me. Then it was that I saw clearly that they were not the right emerald in hue so much as of the shade of the stone aquamarine, which is one not so rare, but a better color when it comes to the matter of eyes.

"It is indeed true, my lady," I replied, disappointed at her words, and yet somehow infinitely relieved, "that I ride soon to Plassenburg, by the favoring of your father, who has been gracious enough to promise me his interest with the Prince."

I saw her lip curl a little with scorn—the least tilt of a rose-leaf to which the sun has been unkind.

She seemed about to speak, but presently thinking better of it, she smiled instead.

"It is like my father," she said, after a while; "but since I also go thither, you shall be of my escort. A sufficient guard accompanies me all the way to the city, and I dare say the arrangement may serve your convenience, as well as add to the pleasure and safety of my journeying."

"But how will your father do without your company, Lady Ysolinde?" I asked. For it seemed strange that father and daughter should thus part without reason in these disturbed times.

She laughed more heartily than I had heard her.

"My father has long been used to missing me for long periods, and, moreover, is well resigned also. But you do not say that you are rejoiced to be of a lady's escort in so long a travel."

"Indeed, I am much honored and glad to have so great a favor done to me. I am a mannerless, landward youth to be bred in the outer courts of a palace. But that which I do not know you will teach me, and my faults I shall be eager to amend."

"Pshaw!—psutt!" said Ysolinde, making a little face; "be not so mock-modest. You do very well. But tell me if you have any sweetheart in the city to leave behind you."

Now this bold question at once reddened my face and heightened my confusion.

"Nay, lady," I stammered, conscious that I was blushing furiously, "I am too young to have thought much of the things of love. I know no woman in the city save our old housekeeper Hanne and the Little Playmate."

The Lady Ysolinde looked up quickly.

"Ah! the Little Playmate!" she said, in a voice curiously distinct from that which she used when she had interpreted her visions to me. "The Little Playmate. That sounds as though it might be interesting. Who is the Little Playmate?"

"She is a maid whose folks were slain long ago by the Duke in a foray, and the little one being left, my father begged her life. And she has been brought up with me in the Red Tower."

"How old is she now?" The Lady Ysolinde's next question came like the flash of a dagger from its sheath.

"That," answered I, meditatively, "I know not exactly, because none could tell how old she was when she came to us."

"Tut!" she said, impatiently tossing her head; "do not twist your answers to me—only wise men and courtiers have the skill to do that and hide it. You are yet neither. Is she ten, or is she twenty, or is she midway betwixt the two?"

"I think she may be a matter of seventeen years of age?"

"Is she pretty?" was the next question.

"No," said I, not knowing well what to say.

Her face cleared as she heard that; and then, in a little, her eyes being still bent steadily on me, reading my very heart, it clouded over again.

"You think her not merely pretty, then, but beautiful?" she asked.

I nodded.

"More beautiful than I?"

'Fore God I denied not my love, though I own I have many a time been less tempted, and yet have lied back and forth like a Frankfort Jew.

"Yes," said I, "I think so."

"You love her, then," said the Lady Ysolinde, rising quickly to her feet; "and you told me that you loved none in this city."

"I love her indeed," I said. "She is my little sister. As you mean love, I do not love her. But I love her notwithstanding. All my life I have never thought of doing anything else. And that she is beautiful all who have eyes in their head may see."

This appeased her somewhat. I think it must have been looking for my fortune in the crystal and the ink pool that made her so eager to know all that concerned me—which none had ever been so insistent to find out before.

"I must come and see this Little Playmate of yours," she said. "It is an ill-done thing that so fair a maid should be shut up in the tower of such a pagan castle—Wolfsberg; it is indeed well named. Word has reached me to-day that the Princess of Plassenburg has need of a bower-maiden. And the Princess can make her choice from many noble families. But if the Little Playmate be as beautiful as you say, 'tis high time that she should not be left immured in the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg. True, the Duke, like a wise man, neither makes nor mells with womankind. 'Tis his only virtue. But any quest-

ing Ritterling or roaring free companion might bear her off."

"I think not," said I, smiling, "so long as the Red Axe of the Mark has a polished edge and Gottfried Gottfried can send it through an ox's neck as he stands chewing the cud."

I hardly think that I ever boasted of my father's prowess before. And, indeed, I had some skill in the axe-play myself, but only in the way of sport.

"All one," said Ysolinde. "Your father, like Great Cæsar and Duke Casimir, is but mortal, and may stumble across the wooden stump some day himself and find his neck bone in two. None so wise that he can tell when the Silent Rider shall meet him in the wood, leading by the bridle the pale horse whose name is Death, and beckoning him to mount and ride."

The Lady Ysolinde paused awhile, touching her lips thoughtfully with her fingers.

"Let your Playmate come," she said. "There is room, I warrant, for her and you both at Plassenburg. You shall keep each other company when you have the homesickness, and she can ride with us side by side."

Then going to the curtain, she summoned the servitor who had first opened the door for me. He bowed before the girl with infinite respect. She bade him conduct me upon my way. I will not deny that I had hoped for a tenderer leave-taking. But she seemed to have slipped back into the great lady again, and to be desirous of setting me in my own sphere and station ere I went, lest perchance I should presume overmuch upon her favors.

Yet not altogether so. For, relenting a little as I turned to leave her, she stood holding the curtain aside for me to pass, and, as it had been by accident, in dropping it her fingers rested a moment against my cheek. Then the heavy curtain of blue fell into its place, and I found myself following the eminently respectable domestic of Master Gerard down the stairs.

At the outer door, but before he opened it, the man put a sealed packet in my hand.

"From Doctor Gerard von Sturm," he said, bowing respectfully, yet with a certain sense of being a party in a favor conferred.

I put the letter into my inner pocket, and went out into the street. The sun was still shining, yet I felt somehow that it must be another day, another world. The houses seemed hard and dry, the details of the architecture insufferably mean and insultingly familiar. I longed with all my heart to get away from Thorn into the new world which had opened to me—a world of perfumes and flowers and flowerlike scents and Oriental marvels; of low voices, too, and the touching of soft hands upon cheeks.

In all the world of young men there was no greener or more simple Simon than I, Hugo Gottfried, as, playing a tune on the pipe of my own conceit, I marched up the High Street of Thorn to the entrance gate of the Wolfsberg.

The Little Playmate was standing at the door as I approached, sweet as a June rose. When she saw me she went into the sitting-room to show that she had not yet forgiven me. Though I think by this time, as was often the way with Helene, she had forgotten almost what was the matter of my original offending.

But I pretended to be careless and heart-free. And so, God forgive me, I went whistling up the steps of the Red Tower to my room, without so much as looking within the chamber where my Little Playmate was.

Which thing I suffered grievously for or all was done. And an excellent dispensation of Providence it had been if I had lost my right hand for making that little heart sore or so much as one tear drop from those deep gray eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

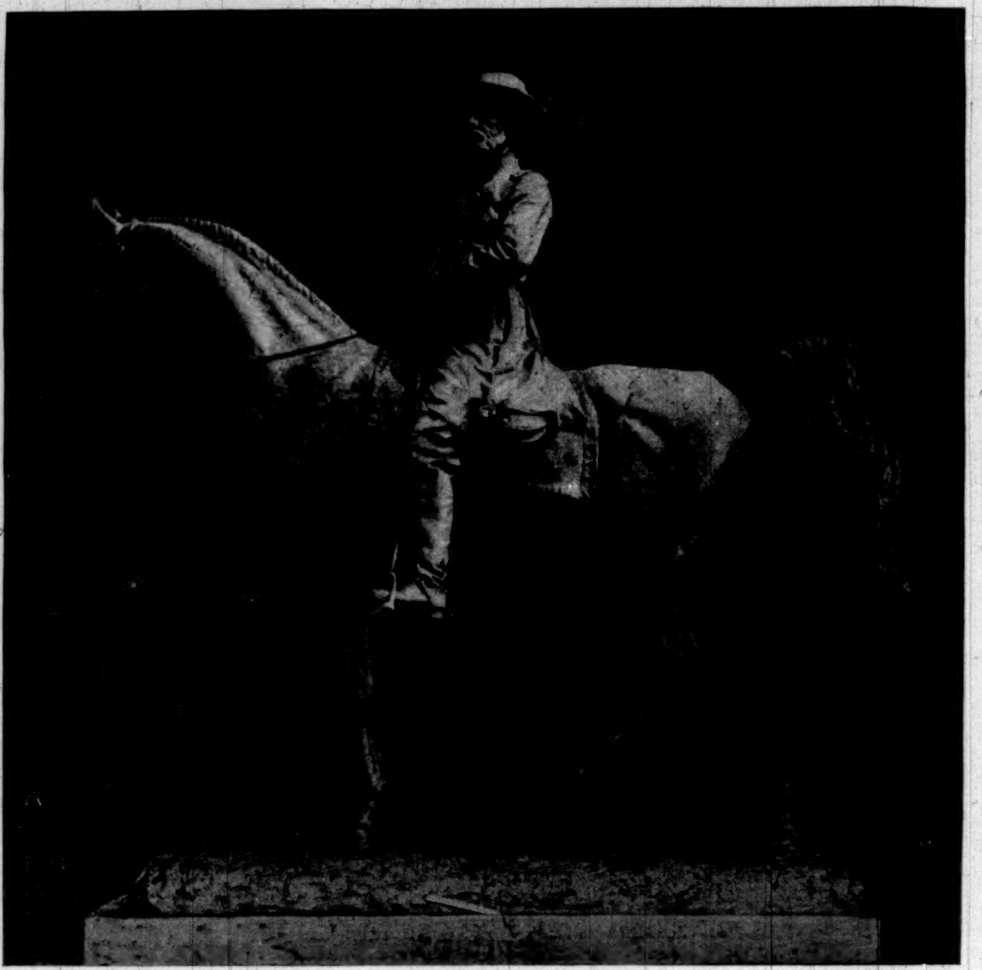
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

Pennsylvania has had many brilliant sons, but none more consistently faithful to duty than John Fulton Reynolds. Into his brief career of forty-three years was crowded an array of incidents that, in times less stirring than those in which he lived, would be impossible. Graduated from West Point in 1841, he was brevetted Captain and Major for brilliant service at Monterey and Buena Vista, and he was mentioned in general orders during the expedition against the Rogue River Indians of Oregon. In August, 1861, while holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

As Military Governor of Fredericksburg, Virginia, he took part in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, and Glendale, when he was taken prisoner, but was exchanged in time to engage in the campaign of northern Virginia, and to lead his division with notable effect at the second battle of Bull Run. In November, 1862, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, and commanded the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg. On the first day of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, Reynolds had disposed his forces, and ridden along the line to cheer his men to victory, when a rifle-ball struck him and brought instant death.

On the spot where he fell the State of Pennsylvania will shortly erect a colossal equestrian statue, of which an illustration appears on this page. It is the work of the sculptor H. K. Bush-Brown, who modelled it in his studio at Newburg, New York, where his uncle, the late Henry Kirke Brown, executed some of his most important equestrian statues, notably the "Washington" which stands in Union Square, New York. Like his uncle, Mr. Bush-Brown is a lover of horses, and the model he has used in this statue is a splendid Arab stallion which he bought from the Russian commissioners at the close of the World's Fair. He has most successfully reproduced in his statue the characteristics of the well-known "Morgan" breed. The General sits in an attitude very simple, but full of alertness and quiet force. The statue, especially when seen at an angle either from front or rear—a position in which it is impossible to photograph it on account of the distortion produced by the camera—is monumental as a mass, and yet supple and decorative in line.

Charles H. Caffin.



STATUE OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN FULTON REYNOLDS, TO BE ERECTED ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.
H. K. Bush-Brown, Sculptor.

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

In Hawaii, where I have just been, politics is more frankly discussed than in Honolulu, where social amenities temper conversation. The more isolated life of the planter makes freedom and plenitude of speech among the luxuries of life. In Hawaii the Royalist hastens to say his say. He is, moreover, most likely a coffee-planter, and his interests do not stand in with the sugar-planters regnant at the little capital.

I spent one rainy evening at the Volcano House, listening to the views of a coffee-planter, given with passionate intensity.

"Yes, I am an anti-annexationist, for several reasons. More than that, I am a Royalist. But Royalist and Missionary do not mean what you people in the States think they mean. They are terms, just as Democrat and Republican are terms. This is a white man's government, and will be. The Royalist puts up a queen as a figure-head—he governs just the same. Meanwhile the sentiment of the native is gratified. At present the native feels deeply wronged, sore, and there will be no peace to this country until he is reassured. Let me give you a glimpse of his character. In building this volcano road the government required that even the laborers should take the oath. They left work, to a man. The government was obliged to withdraw the demand in order to get the road finished. They will never yield allegiance to the republic. No necessity can compel it. Rest on that.

"As a coffee-planter, I oppose annexation because it will ruin our industry. We have no bounty, as the sugar-planters have, and I see no reason why we should be sacrificed to them. We cannot afford to have our labor system interfered with. The utmost we men of small capital can afford to pay is fifteen dollars a month. To clear our plantations and place them on a paying basis requires thousands of dollars to the acre. We can't stand by and see the money we have invested swept away without raising our hands, and we won't. The numbers of small growers who have come into Hawaii are going to have something to say in the matter. If it is necessary to do more than talk we will do that."

The faith of this man was strong that the islands would not be annexed. "In that case," I asked, "what is your plan for the restoration?" which was the only alternative presented.

"It is all arranged," he said. "The legislature meets in February. We mean to have mass-meetings and stump-speeches made all over the islands and raise everything to fever pitch. Then we propose to overwhelm the legislature with popular demands for a change of government so suddenly and forcibly that the Dole party will be obliged to yield to the will of the people."

"Suppose it does not yield?"

"It will. The Dole people know that they cannot hold on. If annexation fails, they have nothing left. The native wants Liliuokalani restored, if but for twenty-four hours. In that case she will resign in favor of the Princess Kaiulani. Back of the Princess are the shrewdest men on the island—Joseph Carlin and Theodore Davies. Back of these are some of the richest firms in Honolulu. I tell you we have the men and we have the money; we cannot fail."

We came down in the stage, and over on the cork bobbing *Kinan* with some of the big coffee-planters. These were annexationists—but after a fashion. Chiefly, it seemed to me, because they were Americans. But they always made haste to add:

"If the United States declines us we will turn straight to England. England will not. That matter is all *en train*. We will then have assurance that our interests are not imperilled by the sugar-men, by scalawag politicians from the States."

One of these men, said, "I will give my money and my influence to that end."

It was easily seen that the English and the American hereditary feelings were used for all there was in them.

At Hilo an American, not a coffee-planter, said:

"We Americans are letting the others do the talking. All the same, we don't mean to be governed by a knot of Englishmen: we will fight first."

One hears no more of Japan now the matter approaches a crisis; one hears no more of the strategic value of the islands, of the poor native, of the beauties of a republic, of the degeneracy of the Polynesian. Everything has narrowed down to a plain straight fight between those who are out and those who are in, between conflicting monied interests, to personal and race supremacy.

No one in the States need bother himself about the sentiment of the situation. This is and will be a government of white men. At present the "Missionary," that is to say the Republican, party is in power, and the "Royalists," that is to say the Democrats, are trying to oust them. It is purely a local matter. If one should presume to advise the United States government, it would be to say to the representatives of the Hawaiian republic:

"Gentlemen, all of you go home and settle your little differences among yourselves. Meanwhile I will take Pearl Harbor, which you have so kindly offered."

Then I would make a naval station suitable for any emergency, and to be construed as any other nation saw fit. In the mean time it may be clearly understood that, whether England will accept it or not, there is a very determined effort on foot here to place this country under the protection of England. The importance of this should not be underestimated at home. The simple reason for desiring foreign rule, American or English, is that the personal, party, and business jealousies are becoming so strong that there is no prospect of peace.

President Dole's visit to Washington is viewed with different eyes here even among his supporters. An embarkation is always conducted with ceremony at Honolulu. Fully 2000 people went to see him off, but he personally desired that there should be no demonstration, although the national airs by the government band gave significance to the moment. Personally President Dole is the best-liked man by people of all shades of opinion on the islands. The Royalists have the kindest feelings toward him. They even assert that he would look upon Kaiulani as Queen with complacence. This one may doubt, although their personal relations are most amiable.

That young woman among the whites conducts herself with a diplomacy which is the essence of wisdom. She is modest, unpretending, amiable, and shows no sign of these contests raging about her. A Royalist tells me that all her movements are made under strict advice of her guardian, Mr. Davies, her father (both Englishmen), and Mr. Carter. Among her own people, I have observed, she accepts her place as Princess unhesitatingly.

January 13, 1898. Mary Gay Humphreys.

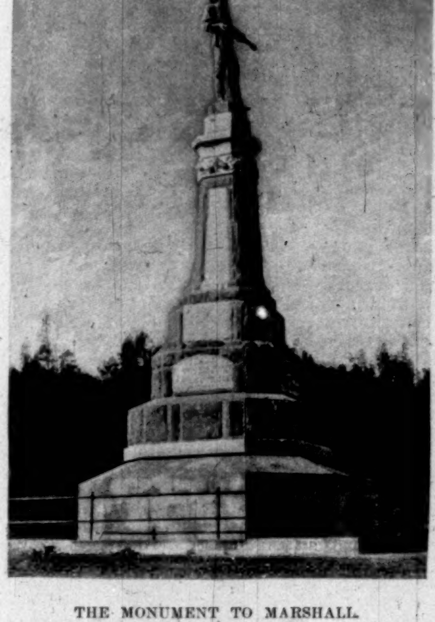
THE GOLD-DISCOVERY CELEBRATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The semicentennial of the discovery of gold in California, which was celebrated in San Francisco last week by an imposing parade and other exercises and by holding a mining fair, is of special significance at this time because of the great gold rush which a few months will see set in for the new Klondike placer mines on the tributaries of the upper Yukon. Six months ago the Klondike was unknown; now it is a name to conjure with in the remotest parts of the earth.

Every steamship that arrives here from Australia, China, or the South Seas brings a score or more of veteran prospectors who are bound for the new El Dorado under the arctic circle. The various outfitting-stores in San Francisco, Seattle, and Victoria are thronged with men buying food, clothing, and tools, which they propose to take over the passes and down the lakes and the Yukon River as soon as the ice melts in the spring. The famous rush of argonauts in 1849 to California will be surpassed by this stampede of gold-hunters for the Klondike, which will begin next March, and will continue till snow flies in the fall. Two weeks ago the advance-guard of the great procession left San Francisco on the steamer *Walla Walla*. With them were forty dogs, which will be the pioneers of a great army of these animals that will serve to carry food and outfits over the frozen trails. Every steamship company is building new boats for the ocean and river traffic; for the season is short, and most of the active work must be done between June and September. Conservative men estimate that 100,000 people will go by land and water routes to the Klondike this year—a gold rush without a parallel, which dwarfs the forty-nine rush to California, and the great stampede to the Ballarat diggings in Australia ten years later.

The jubilee celebration of the discovery of gold in California began on Monday, January 24, and continued for one week. This week the Mining Fair opened, and will continue until March 6. This fair will be devoted mainly to showing the processes of gold-mining in California, and to the best practical means of outfitting for the Klondike. All the large outfitting-houses will be represented, and any prospector who purposes going to the Klondike this spring will be able to see in this fair exactly what he requires; and he may also get valuable hints in regard to the best means of packing his outfit, travelling over the trails, and establishing himself in the new camp.

SUTTER'S MILL, IN 1851.
The Scene of the first Discovery of Gold in California, January 24, 1848.



THE MONUMENT TO MARSHALL.
Overlooking his Cabin and Sutter's Mill.

The discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall, on January 24, 1848, in the race of Sutter's saw-mill, near Coloma, was due to accident, but none the less credit belongs to Marshall for seeing what others failed to see, and for appreciating the importance of his discovery. The literature of this gold discovery would fill several bookshelves, but the facts were first fully brought out by George Frederic Parsons, of Sacramento, who wrote *The Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall*, and later by Hubert H. Bancroft, whose *History of California*, in five volumes, leaves very little for future writers to glean after him. Bancroft definitely settles Marshall's exclusive credit to the discovery of gold, and he enforces his statements by a mass of evidence which cannot be gainsaid. Marshall was a man of considerable mechanical skill, who built a saw-mill near Coloma, in El Dorado County, in partnership with General Sutter. His small knowledge of practical affairs and of law was shown by the agreement which he made with Sutter, contingent on the success of the Mexican or the American cause. If Mexico retained possession of California, the mill-site was to belong to Sutter, and the privilege to cut and saw timber to Marshall, but if California was ceded to the United States, Marshall should be sole owner of the property. This contract, of course, was absurd, but it was matched by the efforts of Sutter and Marshall to collect ten per cent. of all gold found near the saw-mill.

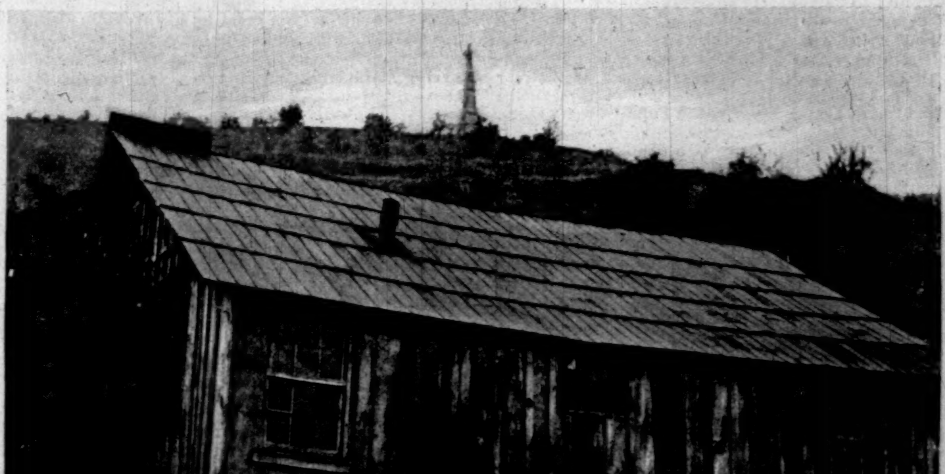
The famous discovery was made by Marshall at early morning on January 24. To deepen the mill-race he had scoured out the bottom by letting a full head of water run through it all night. In the morning, when he shut off the water, he found glittering specks in the sand and gravel carried down by the water. Several of these he picked up, and at first thought them to be iron pyrites; but when he felt their weight and proved them to be malleable, he was sure they were gold. A few days after he carried some specimens down to Sutter, who was living in the famous fort at New Helvetia, on the Sacramento River, and Sutter tested the gold with aqua fortis. Marshall was then convinced of the soundness of his own judgment. Sutter set out for the mill on the following day, and when he was sure of the reality of the discovery he exacted a promise from all the workmen at the mill to preserve secrecy about the finding of gold for at least six weeks, as if it were known it would greatly damage several of his undertakings. The secret was kept only a few days, when Mrs. Wimener, the wife of a workman, told the great news to a teamster, who carried some specimens to Sutter's Fort. He revealed the secret to Samuel Brannan, a Mormon, who had led an expedition of his people to the Sandwich Islands, and had then gone to California. Brannan, who kept a store, paid a hurried visit to Coloma, and at once laid in a large supply of goods, as he shrewdly inferred there would be a great demand in a few weeks for all kinds of articles. Within three months 4000 people had flocked into Coloma and the surrounding country. San Francisco was practically deserted, and all the rich farming country that lay between that city and Coloma was abandoned, for no man could be hired to do anything except dig for gold.

JAMES W. MARSHALL.
The Man who first discovered Gold in California.

Had Marshall been a man of ordinary shrewdness or tact, he could have made a fortune by taking up claims and working them by hired labor. Instead he wasted his time and energies in efforts to prevent predatory attacks on his cattle and saw-mill, and caused so much ill-feeling that he was forced to seek safety by flight. This experience soured his disposition, and on his return he foolishly boasted of rich mines of which he knew, but the location of which he refused to disclose. Hungry prospectors, eager to make their fortunes, were driven nearly insane by such tantalizing, and again Marshall was compelled to leave suddenly to save his life. His mill was torn down and most of his property confiscated. He returned, built a small cabin near the scene of his great discovery, and there lived the life of a recluse, prospecting in the mountains, and eking out a poor living.

Efforts were made to secure a pension for the man who started the great development of California, and the Legislature granted allowances for four years, amounting in all to $7200. This was all the money that Marshall ever received from the State for a discovery that made scores of millionaires, and that crowded into ten years the normal development of a half-century. Marshall regarded himself as an ill-used man. He nursed his grievance, and as a hermit he lived till August 10, 1885, when he was found dead in his lonely cabin.

His grave is on a hill not far from the site of his great discovery, and two years after his death the State erected a monument to his memory. The monument is of granite, is thirty-one feet in height, and is surmounted by a bronze statue ten and a half feet high representing a typical California miner.



MARSHALL'S CABIN AND MONUMENT AT COLOMA, CALIFORNIA.
Where the Man who discovered Gold lived and died.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

II.—"THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY."

It should be welcome news to those who live in the Eastern part of the United States, and, indeed, to all the people, that "the enemy's country," famous in the campaign of 1896, is passing away, and is practically a thing of the past. In Kansas and the Middle West one rarely hears or sees the expression nowadays. An era of better feeling has set in. This change may be noticed not only in the newspapers and in the conversation of the plain people, but is also observable in the words and acts of the State officials.

It is no part of the purpose of these articles on Kansas and the Middle West to revive political strife, nor, indeed, even to recall it, except to illustrate marked changes in public sentiment of lasting benefit to our common country. One of these changes relates to the spirit that lay behind the expression "the enemy's country." It was Mr. Bryan who gave the phrase prominence. He used it in his speech while on his way East to accept formally the nomination for the Presidency. It is altogether probable that he spoke the words as a mere pleasantry, but coming as they did after the impassioned speech that won him the nomination, in which he said, while referring to the East, "We entreat no more," the phrase was caught up by both sides, and it became the storm centre of sectional bitterness.

Governor Leedy, whether he knows it or not, furnishes probably the most conspicuous instance of the change of feeling. This is shown in his official utterances. In his message to the Legislature of Kansas on January 12, 1897, Governor Leedy railed bitterly at the East. It was one of the most remarkable messages ever sent to a legislature in this country. In his Thanksgiving proclamation of November 11, ten months later, the bitterness had ceased entirely, and the Governor also rejoiced openly because the attacks on Kansas had ceased. Truly there was a change! Two things of unusual importance had occurred in those ten months. One was the revival of prosperity in Kansas, because of nature's bountiful crops, and the other was that in August, after the crops had been harvested practically, Governor Leedy came to New York, for the first time in his life, to see what kind of a place it was.

Here is what Governor Leedy said in the introductory part of his message of January 12, 1897:

While, according to the press of the nation's most populous metropolis, her children linger in the streets untaught except in the lore of the pavement, unfed except at the hand of charity, unhoused except in the kennels they dispute with creatures scarcely less miserable, the commonwealth of Kansas, rejoicing in a public-school system which is the most grateful heritage we receive from our fathers and the best legacy we can leave to our children, finds ample house room and school room for every Kansas child, and for such straggling waifs as come to us from where penury and parsimony stalk side by side. There are no tramps in Kansas, except those birds of passage who flit by us, grim reminders of the conditions in older communities.

With a cheerful audacity that almost challenges admiration, Grub Street scribblers on a venal press, which panders to the most vicious instincts of semi-civilized foreign colonies like New York and Chicago, with semi-barbaric splendor at the apex and semi-barbaric squalor at the base of their social life, have offered their puny and presumptuous criticism of those whose shoestrings they are not worthy to unloose. The dogs of Egypt have barked at the pyramids unanswered for fifty centuries. Let Grub Street rail on. When the accused Doge stood before the Venetian Council he said, "My defence is your accusation." They well know that Kansas was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night before an oppressed people in the nation's darkest hour. We shall keep those fires alight in our camps, and that smoke ascending from our hill-tops, till this is indeed a government of the people, and for the people, and by the people.

"She failed you not in the early day, and she failed you not in the late,
Nor forget you how the balance was poised on our youngest State,
And how with the fate of Kansas was linked the nation's fate."

Governor Leedy's familiarity with things Egyptian was a great surprise to his friends, but they soon remembered that his private secretary was formerly Consul-General at Cairo, and that accounted for it. Those private secretaries are usually clever fellows, and if Governor Leedy did not write that part of the message relating to Egypt himself, he allowed it to remain in the document, and became responsible for it, which is the same thing. Governor Leedy's denunciation of the system that had brought such frightful ignorance, hunger, squalor, and filthy abiding-places to New York city savored largely of assiduous reading of what is known as "yellow journalism," the kind of journalism that for the sake of the advertisement gets up bread funds and the like whenever there is an East Side strike, and the people of that district, with much wailing, have to draw a few dollars out of the bank from their savings to support themselves until work is resumed. Still there can be no doubt that the Governor meant what he said, although pompous phrases and exaggerated language were used.

To show the change that came over Governor Leedy, let us refer to his Thanksgiving proclamation. After speaking of the bountiful harvest and better prices, and after mentioning that the attacks on Kansas had ceased, and calling attention to the fact that "the reputation of Kansas is again as good as its character always has been," he makes this sole reference to the condition of the poor in big cities:

"In the day of our rejoicing let our people not forget the poor and needy of the great cities and of foreign countries."

It may be said that it would not have been proper for Governor Leedy to say sharp things in a Thanksgiving proclamation. To that, one may reply that a Governor who could send such an unusual message to the Legislature would scarcely have restrained himself from making a sly dig at least in his Thanksgiving proclamation when he was talking on the same topic, the poor of our great cities.

The fact is that Governor Leedy was, and is, a fair type of hundreds of thousands of persons in the Middle West who have had wrong and unfortunate notions about the people of the East. They have imagined that there was no healthy middle class, as it is called, in the East; that there were a large number of very rich persons, and hordes upon hordes of poor living in filth and squalor here; that there was no brotherly love or Christian feeling, and that the lot of the masses in the East was practically one of slavery to money barons. This is no exaggeration, as I shall show, and it is also true that the phrase "the enemy's country" was partly responsible for it.

In August last Governor Leedy went back to the home of his childhood in Ohio, and while there, it is said, suggested to his wife that as they were so near New York it would be a good idea to run East and look at the famous town and its sights. Forthwith they started. I am told that it has not yet been made public that the Governor came to the metropolis, and that he spent four days in town incognito. One of his friends, to whom the Governor spoke freely of his visit, told me that the first thing the Governor did after he crossed the Hudson River was to call a hackman, to whom he said,

"Drive me to Wall Street."

The Governor went to Wall Street, travel-stained as he was, and his cab went slowly from Trinity Church to the East River, the Governor peering eagerly from side to side at people and at buildings. My informant says that on his return home the Governor said that Wall Street was nothing but a sort of "dinky little alley, anyway," but that he was sure he saw the names of Morgan and Belmont on the signs. When the Governor got down to the East River he saw the Brooklyn Bridge, and ordered his driver to go up there. After looking at the bridge, the Governor reached Broadway by devious paths through Cherry Hill. He spent four days looking about the town, having taken especial pains that none of the reporters should find him out by means of his signature, which he purposely made blind, on the hotel register.

I was curious to learn what Governor Leedy saw in New York, and during an interview which he gave me, and most courteously placed all sorts of information in his office at my disposal, I asked him about his New York visit. Now Governor Leedy has plenty of what is known in the West and elsewhere as "horse sense." He paused a moment after I asked my question, his eyes twinkled, and he evidently fathomed my purpose, which was to place what he might say of his experience in New York side by side with his extraordinary message to the Legislature on the same subject. The Governor was non-committal at once, and he replied:

"Oh, it was just such a place as I expected to see. I was there so short a time that it wouldn't be right for me to talk knowingly about it. I had a good time."

No more would the Governor say, but I can tell him what he really saw. He saw people on the streets looking as well fed and as well clothed as in any other place in the world. He saw hundreds of thousands of prosperous persons of what is called the middle class. He saw that New York residents and New York buildings looked just like the people and buildings of any other of our large cities—Chicago, St. Louis, or even Kansas City, the nearest large town to Governor Leedy's home. He did not see people in the streets crying for bread. He saw no squalor or filth—New York's health board under Mayor Strong having stopped all that. He saw no golden chariots rolling about with the families of millionaires in them. He saw no robber barons, or if he did, like the rest of us, could not identify them. No; Governor Leedy went home with a broader, kindlier view, a feeling that he was a proud citizen of a great country which even included "semi-barbaric" New York within its borders, and down underneath the surface he was probably glad of it. He had nothing to say of "Grub Street writers on a venal press" when I saw him, and I should be surprised if he ever referred to the matter again.

More striking even than the Governor's change of mental attitude is a movement that was started about a year ago by Bank Commissioner Breidenthal of Kansas, the head and front for many years of the Populist party there, and until within a few months its State chairman. Mr. Breidenthal told me—and this is probably the first hint that has been made of it in print—that within a year he had written from fifty to one hundred letters to men of influence in the Populist and Democratic parties—editors, political managers, high office-holders—in fact, every man of great influence in the free-silver movement—asking them henceforth not to use the word plutocrat in their writing and their speaking. He said that he pointed out to them that the word really meant nothing, that it inflamed one set of men against another, and that the best way to make political warfare was not by use of epithets. This is what Mr. Breidenthal said to me about it:

"We should not make war in politics on individuals, but on the system that has brought about certain results. Nothing can be gained by calling a man or a set of men plutocrats. It is the system that we oppose. We ought not to hate the banker, the individual. We do object to trusts and monopolies; the individuals who profit by them are nothing to us. It is wrong to attack bankers as a class. You can't blame men for making money when they have legal opportunity. It is the illegal opportunity, the morally wrong system, that we are after."

Mr. Breidenthal asked his correspondents to substitute the word corporation for plutocrat hereafter. That, he said, would make the war impersonal, and would not arouse sectionalism. He received prompt responses to his letters, and, almost to a man, his correspondents agreed with him. He read me some of the letters. I am not at liberty to give the names of the writers, nor to tell the exact language that they used; but I can say that the spirit of denunciation of the East, the spirit that found common expression in the phrase "the enemy's country" was not to be found in them. Practically all the writers agreed not only to drop the word plutocrat, but to use their influence to have general use of it abandoned.

I do not know how this may impress others, but it seems to me to be a matter of such great significance as to merit calling the widest attention to it. We of the East may say what we please of Populists and their theories, but is it not a matter for felicitation that a movement toward a better understanding of each other has been in existence quietly for more than a year; that it was started in the very citadel of Populism by a Populist leader, and already has had good results? Mr. Breidenthal is the intimate friend and close political ally of Mr. Bryan. They are about of the same age, and have known each other and worked together for nearly ten years. It is known, however, that Mr. Breidenthal is not wedded to the "16 to 1" idea, believing rather in fiat money, and that he deprecates the use of such phrases as "the enemy's country."

In order to learn prevalent ideas in Kansas, Nebraska, and other Western States as to New York and its people, I made it a point to ask merchants, farmers, editors, travellers, in those States what they thought New York was like, and how they looked upon its people. Almost invariably I found that the campaign of 1896 had left some curious notions among the masses, and almost as invariably I found that whatever feeling of enmity had existed was gradually passing away. Although the feeling is becoming kindlier, nevertheless many queer ideas as to the place still prevail among the masses. I asked Governor Leedy what he thought was the general opinion among the masses of Kansas of New York. He said:

"Our people think it is essentially a foreign city; that it is filled with men lacking in patriotism; that they are mercenary, and thousands of them, as soon as they have made sufficient money, go back to Europe to live on their fortunes. It is not the general belief that there is a great mass of plain people in New York, a healthy middle class that we know is most desirable in any commonwealth."

Here is what Mr. Breidenthal says of the popular impression regarding New York:

"People out here have a rather vague idea about New York and its people. Many think there is a big moneyed machine out there—a machine or a system that is not conducive to ideas of liberty or of freedom. I do not think you can say truthfully that our people hate New York. Rather they feel sorry for the masses there."

Here is what one of the candidates on the Republican State ticket at the last election said on the subject (I am not at liberty to give his name):

"Out here we have the idea that New York is not a truly American city. We do not regard it as representative of our country. We look at it as a place where men clutch at their bonds and papers and set up a cry that they will lose a dollar if we should assert the Monroe doctrine or threaten to go to war to stop the terrible state of affairs in Cuba. We do not believe that the masses in New York love our country as we do, or as we think true American citizens should love the country. Still it is true that there is to be seen on every hand a friendlier feeling toward the East."

Another representative man stood by this speaker, and he became aroused. He broke in:

"I'll tell you," he said, "what people out here think about New York: They think it is a great big sponge—a sponge that in the greed for money absorbs all the life, manhood, and patriotism of its citizens."

Here is what one of the proprietors of one of the largest retail stores in Kansas said in answer to my question:

"I find that many people in Kansas look upon New York as the home and business place of a rich set of Yankee-like men with a great lot of invention and peculiar ways of getting hold of other people's money. They read exaggerated stories about the poor there and the starving, and, being of a sympathetic, whole-souled nature, believe these stories, and think there are hundreds dying of starvation, while the Goulds and Vanderbilts and other millionaires by the score and hundred roll about the streets in gorgeous turnouts, lavishly displaying jewels as the poor stand on the streets with outstretched arms asking for bread. Now it would seem strange that such an absurd idea should be prevalent. It is not general among our educated people, but I find that the ideas I have indicated are more widespread than one would think."

Here is what one of the foremost candidates for Governor at the coming Republican convention had to say on the matter:

"It is a mistake to say that our people hate New York. Many of them have had a wrong impression about the place and its people. They have had an idea that there are a great many more millionaires than really exist there, and they have thought that the rich people of the East were hard-hearted. They are beginning to realize, however, that we are one people, that the people of Kansas would probably do as the people of New York do if places were changed, and that it was a mistake to set off one part of this country against another in political hostility."

So much for talks with representative men. I talked with storekeepers, railroad hands, farmers, everywhere I went, and while I am bound to say that such strange ideas did prevail as I have indicated in many cases, not once—not even when speaking with political managers who naturally would hope to thrive on stirring up discord—did I hear a word of enmity toward the East as a

distinct part of our country. There was much said about corporations and monopolies; there was a belief that patriotism was rather a negative quantity in the East; that the masses were down-trodden; but there was no speech or thought that found expression in such a phrase as "the enemy's country," as indicating feeling or opinions about the East. Almost in every instance, in talking with the plain people, I met with this statement:

"If there has been hatred toward the East—and that probably was overdone—you will find very little of it now. We recognize that New York is as essential to us as we are to New York. We all belong to one country."

And indeed this should be so, naturally. More farmers send their sons to college, it is asserted in Kansas, from the Middle West than from any other agricultural part of our country. Scores of them come East to the large universities, and hundreds and thousands go to their own State universities. If one wants a college education in the Middle West, it costs very little. Tuition is free, and one can live cheaply. The result is that higher education thrives and prospers there, and that a highly intelligent people lives there.

The fact is, Kansas people refer to themselves as "a peculiar people." They are intensely high-spirited, and even more intensely patriotic. The John Brown spirit is still in evidence in the State. The people are roused easily when their sympathies are affected. At such times they do not spare those against whom they thunder. They still tell you about the famous "Battle of the Blue," and all one has to do is to talk in earnest about liberty and the rights of the people to secure their attention. They hold not less than second place in the list of States in the matter of education of the people. In their anger about misrepresentation in the East and under the scourge of hard times, some of them said harsh things about the East, but that bitterness is subsiding. The horn of plenty has rolled out its joy and peace over the State. Kansas and New York are in the same country again, where they always have been, and where they always will be.

Why should not the efforts of men like Breidenthal, asking the people on one side to refrain from using such a word as plutocrat, be met by a similar request by some man of commanding influence on the other side, asking that the people of the East no longer refer to the people of Kansas as cranks? If such efforts were met in the proper spirit, henceforth we should hear very little of "the enemy's country."

THE DREYFUS CASE AND THE ANTI-SEMITIC OUTBREAK IN FRANCE.

The sudden outburst of anti-semitism, which has broken out in France so violently *à propos* of the Dreyfus question, has sadly surprised the friends of that country. They are tempted to say with the French poet, "Comment en un plomb vil, l'or pur s'est-il changé?" (Why has the pure gold been changed into a base lead?) France, especially since the great revolution of 1789, had displayed constantly the most liberal spirit with regard to the race or religion of its citizens. Hebrews enjoyed the same civil and political rights with other French people; and those who resided in Algeria were even granted the right of citizenship in 1848, through the efforts of Crémieux, one of their coreligionists and a member of the provisional government of the second republic. The Moslems in the Algerian colony were not endowed with the same political advantage; they complained to have been left at the mercy of the Jews, who already possessed the money power; and this explains the Moslem insurrections of 1871, 1881, and other years, as well as the more obstinate and bloody character of the anti-semitic riots, which have lasted for several days at Algiers and its suburbs. In France proper, and its colonies other than that of Algeria, nobody cared to inquire about the race or religion of a fellow-citizen, and the best evidence was that the anti-semitic pamphlets of Edouard Drumont fell flat upon public attention, when circulated some fifteen years ago. France and her government were so far from being inimical to the Hebrews, that these were to be met in the highest spheres of political life. For instance, out of the eighty-six Prefects of Departments, appointed by the Minister of the Interior to govern those districts of France, there were lately forty-five Israelites. Unfortunately, these general sentiments of fellowship towards the Israelites began to change somewhat at the time of the Panama and other financial scandals, in which the Jewish names of Reinach and Cornelius Hertz were prominent. And strange to say, but nevertheless true, the Hebrews seem to have been made in those affairs, as well as in those of the too famous Algerian phosphates, the cat's-paws and afterwards the scapegoats of Christian politicians, deputies, senators, cabinet ministers, and others, whose names were freely mentioned in the Panama trials, but who escaped unhurt judicially, while in the opinion of their countrymen the losses to the French woollen stockings were due mainly to the trickeries of Jewish operators. It is easy to understand that under such circumstances, if a patriotic question were ever raised, involving some Hebrew personality, a tremendous anti-semitic sentiment would prevail throughout the country.

This event occurred in October, 1894, when Captain Alfred Dreyfus was arrested as having furnished to a foreign government documents which he had copied at the Ministry of War, and which interested the national defence. Everybody knows the particulars of the trial of Dreyfus, who was sentenced to life imprisonment by a court martial composed of seven of his fellow-officers, among whom was a Hebrew. In March, 1895, he was transported to Devil's Island, a rock off the coast of French Guiana, by the packet-steamship *Ville de St.-Nazaire*, the same vessel with tragical destinies which was wrecked two years ago off Hatteras, and two boats of which were rescued at sea after terrible sufferings endured by the saved passengers. Dreyfus is the first to suffer from the efforts made by his family and his friends to obtain a revision of his trial, which was held with closed doors. The French government, which had already defeated two attempts made for the kidnapping of the ex-captain, was afraid of new attempts, and it ordered that a stricter guard should be kept over the state prisoner. Nobody but Dreyfus and his guards resides upon Devil's Island, which is a barren rock of excessively small dimensions. Up to recently he could walk a little around his cabin, and have a sight of the sea. Now a high enclosure has been built around that cabin, shutting out entirely the view of the ocean, and the prisoner is placed in irons on his going to bed, a torture which he had not to endure before. The number of his guards has been doubled; and still more than formerly he is cut off from any communication with the outside world.

After his trial and military degradation, Dreyfus never ceased to proclaim himself innocent, and to declare that his trial would be revised or begun again in three years time. He proved to be a good prophet. Just three years after the sentence of the court martial had been given, that is, last October, an agitation was commenced in certain Paris papers in favor of a revision of the trial. Then began the most complete comical tragedy ever played, perhaps, upon the judicial, military, and political stage of a great nation. France appears since then as being a branch of Bedlam. The socialists and the anarchists, those avowed enemies of capital, shout and fight in favor of Dreyfus and the Jews, who are in a large part the owners and representatives of said capital. But, in fact, they give satisfaction to one of their doctrines—hatred of the army; they join those who proclaim that the officers of the French army are men with little honor, small independence, and still less intelligence. The sentence of the court martial of 1894 is attacked, because it was rendered in secrecy

(*Continued on page 140.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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(Continued from page 139.)

and without communicating to the public the document upon which Dreyfus was condemned. The French minister has constantly answered that this document—some say that it is a letter from Kaiser Wilhelm II. about Dreyfus—stolen in a foreign embassy according to the custom of reciprocal watching practised by the military attachés of those embassies, would compromise a foreign government, and perhaps be the cause or pretext of a war, if the said document were given to public curiosity. The patriots, or chauvins, also declare that it is sufficient that a court martial of seven officers should have pronounced, with open or closed doors, the condemnation of Dreyfus, to believe that he is really guilty, and that all those who want more than this are suspecting the veracity of the officers, and insulting the honor of the army. It is evident that, faithful to their anti-military ideas, the anarchists would side on this occasion with those who claim for a revision of a sentence rendered, according to them, by a gang of servile officers, under the dictation of the Ministry of War, and after a secret trial of the accused.

It is in the ways and means to procure this revision that laughter and tears are incited in turn by the reading of the French newspapers. While the most honorable and even celebrated men, like M. Émile Zola, are pleading for a new trial, together with the assistance of Dreyfus's brothers, we see Henri Rochefort and the great majority of the French writers opposed to it. Meanwhile another officer, Commandant Esterhazy, who was accused by Dreyfus's defenders of being the real author of the documents surrendered to a foreign government, which some people now say to have been Russia before her alliance with France, is tried by a court martial, and acquitted. And while blood flows too freely in anti-semitic riots in several cities, public excitement is kept up by the announcement that M. Zola will be tried on February 7 at the Assizes Court, as guilty of anti-patriotic manœuvres, for having claimed a revision of the Dreyfus trial. Finally, the incidents of all this excitement in France have shown once more the rôle played there in political crises by women. Without going back to the influence exercised by Marie Antoinette, and afterwards by Empress Eugénie, who boasted that the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was "her war," Frenchmen are reminded by the present crisis of the scandals caused by the spy Madame la Baronne de Kaulla, the mistress of General de Cissey, Minister of War under Maréchal MacMahon. They remember also similar scandals caused by Madame Limouzin, who was intimate with Generals Caffarel and d'Andlau, under the Presidency of Jules Grévy. And now the government has arrested and will soon try Madame Jouffroy d'Abans, who has played in that Dreyfus question the part of the "veiled lady," who had several interviews with Commandant Esterhazy, and warned him that they would try to make of him a scapegoat. FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.

A SIGNIFICANT PHASE OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

IN his dedication of *Harvard Episodes*, the latest of the numerous books of college fiction, Mr. C. M. Flandrau, says: "Dear W. A.,—I have written about a little corner of a very large place; but one that we knew well, and together." The volume, admitted on all sides to be clever and extremely promising as to the author, has been received with an amused mystification on the part of men from other colleges, and with deprecation, bordering upon indignation and resentment, from Harvard men. The Yale and Princeton critics call it oversophisticated, world-tired, dissipated—what you will that is assumed to be unlike their own colleges; and Harvard men, tacitly admitting that this is so, have tried to bolster up the reputation of their *alma mater* by rebuking the author, at the same time pointing to his modest disclaimer that he has spoken of a little corner of a very large place. It is not surprising that men from other colleges should not understand the book, when Harvard men protest so much. Yet, to any one who has thought frankly about Harvard life, as Mr. Flandrau has done, and has also got far enough away from the college world to view it in perspective, the "little corner" may appear far larger than has been admitted; and what Mr. Flandrau has to tell us about it may prove of interest, not only to Harvard, but, rightly understood, to all institutions that are developing, as Harvard has developed, from a small college into a university.

The size of Mr. Flandrau's world is most conveniently indicated by the range of his characters. The athlete is there, Wolcott; the scholar, McGaw; the popular man, Bradley; the bore, Ellis; men of dissipation, Billy and Dilly; serious men, John Rice and Haydock. Some of them are club-men, some on the border-land of social life, some are hopelessly out of it; Mr. Flandrau is equally at home in describing a very exclusive club, a literary society, and the bare life of the unfriended. In a word, not one of the various interests of undergraduate life is neglected.

The feature of the book most open to objection—if one may presume to furnish forth the hazy protests of apologists with a critical vocabulary—is that in treating such diverse types Mr. Flandrau has individualized his characters so that they fail at times to stand for all that Harvard would wish to stand for, and may claim to stand for, before the world of fathers and prep.-school boys. That this shunning of "types" bespeaks the artist is perhaps not a pertinent fact; and it is hardly necessary to urge that the duty of a story-writer is scarcely that which, from time to time, beguiles a college president into recruiting tours to Denver or to Salt Lake City. There is justification for it in considering the question in hand, namely, whether the book is a truthful and significant comment on Harvard life. Let us suppose that Mr. Flandrau had portrayed the "typical" Harvard club-man, athlete, student, and what not. In all essential details the portrait would have suited Princeton or Leland Stanford—for fellows of eighteen to twenty-two the world over are, after all, much the same. The significant facts about Harvard men, from an artistic point of view, are those in which they differ from their fellows elsewhere. Where Mr. Flandrau has departed from the easy types of college men it has been in obedience to the artist's instinct for portraying that which is individual, characteristic. The little group of fellows in the book represent the most interesting and vital phase of modern Harvard life.

Their interest lies primarily in the fact that in some form or other they are all characteristic of the curiously imperfect social organization of the university. The fellows who make up the club element, it is shown, are very naturally from prominent Boston families, and from the more fashionable preparatory schools. A score of years ago, in a college of three or four hundred, this fact worked little hardship; those excluded were, on the whole, unclubbable. To-day, in a university of three or four thousand it is a social evil of great consequence. The fact is obvious in Mr. Flandrau's stories that the basis on which comradeships are made is undemocratic. The mass of undergraduates are unrepresented in the leading circles; and, conversely, the leading circles, because of their separation from the mass of undergraduates, have few public interests and little or no influence. The result of this is, in the first place, an utter lack of the consistency and solidity of college spirit traditional at Yale and at Princeton, and, in the second, the presence of the individualism and freedom of opinion, not to say flippancy and cynicism, that have baffled Mr. Flandrau's critics abroad. If this fact were peculiar to Harvard it would perhaps not deserve comment; but in proportion as Yale and Princeton expand, as they are aiming to expand, into true universities, they will be confronted with the selfsame problem—at Yale the authority of the Senior societies and the captains has already at times been overruled. To those educators who are striving to sink the ancient American college in the American university of the present decade there is no more wholesome warning than the social unhappiness, with its atmosphere of bitterness or of small sarcasm, which is revealed in the *Harvard Episodes*.

Yet the life Mr. Flandrau has chosen to portray is far less out of joint than Mr. Flandrau's Harvard critics would lead us to suppose. The most sympathetic and admirable character in the book has, curiously enough, been the least commonly noted—and this in spite of the fact that he is the most pervasive of all. I mean Haydock—the man whose unobtrusive kindliness and intelligence soften the superb Wolcott, by unconscious degrees, into the one human act of his college life; whose unselfish efforts bring the butterflies Billy and Dilly, to a sense of the error of their ways; whose instinctive gentleness beautifies a son's obscure death to a mother's heart—but Haydock's peculiar wholesomeness of mind and heart is only to be found in Mr. Flandrau's pages. As other characters stand for the defects of the Harvard spirit, so he stands for its virtues. Most thinking men, I take it, would put up with a world of Wolcotts and Ellises rather than forfeit the friendship of one such man. And one would have to hunt long in the stories of other colleges to find anything which would supply his lack.

JOHN CORBIN.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

HERE the night is fierce with light;
Here the great wheels come and go;
Here are partings, waitings, meetings,
Mysteries of joy and woe.

Here are endless haste and change;
Here the ache of streaming eyes,
Radiance of expectant faces,
Breathless askings, brief replies.

Here the jarred, tumultuous air
Throbs and pauses like a bell,
Gladdens with delight of greeting,
Sighs and sorrows with farewell.

Here, ah, here with hungry eyes
I explore the passing throng;
Restless I await your coming
Whose last absence is so long.

Faces, faces pass me by,
Meaningless, and blank and dumb,
Till my heart grows faint and sickens
Lest at last you should not come.

Then—I see you. And the blood
Surges back to heart and brain.
Eyes meet mine,—and Heaven opens.
You are at my side again.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT IN SCULPTURE.

NOBODY like the American for boasting of matters of purely material significance, such as the size of his rivers and the height of his grain-elevators, yet none for living in blissful ignorance of achievements in literature, science, and the arts for which he is envied by those who both know and take the trouble to inform themselves! Ask the average New-Yorker of culture if he has ever seen an exhibition of the National Sculpture Society; the chances are that he will say no.

But what country other than ours has arrived at any period at such a pitch of the cultivation and subdivision in the cultivation of the fine arts as to establish a separate society for sculptors, and to give independent exhibitions of sculpture without the aid of painting or some other of the more popular arts? In Paris the sculptors form at the Salon a little wheel within a wheel; but they have never dared to be other than the hangers-on of the painters. Their contribution to the Salon is a very large one, and sometimes, if not always of late, the more attractive of the two. But the great covered court of the Palais de l'Industrie is, after all, merely a garden into which people, weary of several thousand canvases, saunter, in order to drop half-paralyzed on a bench. It is a garden only in name. Next to nothing is done to relieve the rows of statues and groups by greenery. It remained for the American artists to introduce the idea that sculpture, to be enjoyed, should have some background or surroundings like or suggesting the place it is to occupy, be that place a square or a building, or a park or a flower-garden. The means at command of the Paris sculptors were infinitely better than any our men could employ. The place, the government assistance, the extraordinary variety and excellence of French sculpture gave them every advantage. But they never rose to the idea of such a combination of sculpture with architecture and gardening as made the Sculpture Show in New York, in the spring of 1896, something that never existed before—something far from perfect, of course, but novel and suggestive to those for whom that object-lesson was prepared.

The first resolution to have a sculpture society in New York, which should include sculptors in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, sprang from sympathy with the hard lot of the local sculptors, condemned as they were to an insignificant corner in the annual exhibitions by painters, and almost ignored by the public. It was made in a noted bronze foundry on West Sixteenth Street, and immediately the person who suggested it took steps to put his plan in execution, with the help of the leading sculptors and amateurs of art. As at the founding of all societies, there were ambitious and sensitive souls, who promptly showed that they were thinking of themselves, not the good of the sculptors and the public. They fell away. There were others not acceptable to the guild; their exclusion made regrettable heart-burnings. But, on the whole, the sculptors who had lived much to themselves, ignoring each other, discovered that combination was not so awful an ordeal as they had feared; they came, they saw, and they were conquered. Prejudice and narrow views of art exist among sculptors as well as other artists; but so far it has not occurred that a really good piece of sculpture has been rejected by a jury for an exhibition, and that precedent is likely to hold good hereafter. So much cannot be said of the sculpture juries at the French Salon.

The objects of the foundation were several, including a desire to bring sculpture to the attention of the public, not as the art that fashions equestrian statues and tombstones only, but as an art side by side with painting, that must enter into the daily life of the citizen; must stand on his parlor table and mantel-piece, hang on his wall, decorate the front of his house and the walks of his garden, embellish his boxwood or evergreen hedge, enliven the fire-dogs on his hearth, grace his church, his country-house, factory, club, and tomb. They included the formation of a body of sculptors filled with *esprit de corps* and infected with patriotism, from whom works of national significance might be safely demanded, because their union with each other in connection with men interested in kindred arts would provide for them that atmosphere of art talk, art gossip, art criticism, which seems to engender the necessary medium for the cultivation of the microbe of art. They also embraced the idea that the establishment, not of a sculpture academy—far from it!—but of a loosely-articulated club of sculptors and of citizens interested in sculpture, would, of a certainty, tend to raise the standards and do something to protect American cities from the pitiful inanities that render the field of Gettysburg, for instance, such a mortification to the æsthetic sense.

It is fair to say that so far these objects have been attained and adhered to. There are few sculptors of any note in the United States who are not members of the society. The standard for sculpture has distinctly risen, and while wretched work is constantly going up, it is contrary to the protest of the sculptors. The Sherman statue, awarded to a member of the society, but not to the model considered the best, was awarded by violating the spirit of the agreement whereby the Monument Committee morally bound themselves to abide by the decision of the society. The conduct of that committee was disgraceful, and will doubtless avenge itself in time. Perhaps the most noteworthy example of what good the society has accomplished is the sculpture in the Library of Congress, which is at once harmonious to the general plan and, in its component parts, individual, as any one who takes the trouble to look back through the files of this periodical may see. By far the larger number of sculptors who contribute to the decoration of the Library of Congress belong to the society. It includes among its honorary members nestors of the profession like Thomas Ball and Erastus D. Palmer, and opens its doors to young sculptors of foreign birth just as readily as to native Americans. Attacked by the partisans of individual sculptors whose work it was found necessary to criticise, the National Sculpture Society has done what it could, by published letters, to disabuse honest critics of its course and discover to public contempt those persons who have knowingly slandered it. The sculptors are a sturdy guild. Whoever thinks to howl them down will soon find they can defend themselves.

The movement for sculpture thus vigorously and pluckily undertaken should have far more general encouragement and recognition than has been its lot hitherto. The year 1898 is to see two lines of work carried on with characteristic energy. There is to be another exhibition of sculpture at the galleries of the American Art Association in April, and there is to be a competition for small ideal or genre sculptures. The former will give a chance to show large as well as small statuary; the latter seeks to encourage the introduction of small pieces into American homes. It has been the intention in this fashion to popularize sculpture, issuing one or more of the prize pieces to subscribers at as low a price as possible, the price naturally somewhat dependent on the number of the subscribers to a given model. Membership in the society costs a nominal yearly fee, and can be obtained by writing to Mr. Barr Ferree, secretary, 112 Wall Street.

A fashion not yet extinct among Americans consists of regrets, more or less publicly expressed, that the government does nothing for sculpture, as in Germany and France. Than a wish of this sort, nothing could be more mistaken. This is a citizens' movement of national scope, which has not been confined to New York, but merely has its headquarters here, because here live by far the greatest number of sculptors. Let the government order such sculpture as its public buildings and its monuments need, but let not politics enter under the specious guise of government assistance for the arts! We are better off as we are than France or Germany, and the proof is that the biennial exhibitions of the National Sculpture Society surpass anything the old countries have to show. We have reason to be proud of our sculptors and their exhibitions. Should we not help them by joining the society and visiting their coming show? CHARLES DE KAY.

WINTER SPORT IN MANITOBA—A WAPITI-HUNTER OF WINNIPEGOOSIS.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.

AMATEVR · SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The next two numbers will contain contributions from MR. WHITNEY *on athletic conditions in Japan and China.*

FACULTY RESPONSIBILITY.

IN these masterful modern days, if indeed it was not before, it is pretty generally conceded that where there is a will there is a way. In no direction may this be applied with more truthfulness than to the faculties of our colleges and universities—so far at least as athletics are concerned. If a faculty has a mind that the sport of its college shall be free of professional taint and maintained on wholesome lines, it will be so. If a faculty is earnest in its desires and honest in its methods, it will root out and destroy whatever tendency there may be to unhealthful athletic activity. Perhaps not at once, but in good and speedy season.

The history of college sport in the United States proves beyond peradventure not only the absolute need of faculty supervision, but the absolute power naturally vested in the faculty of every college. Those colleges have made the greatest strides towards the highest ethical standard which have had the advantage of judicious faculty supervision. Judicious supervision; for ill-advised and unlearned faculty meddling is really worse than mere indifference. There is a vast difference between faculty supervising and faculty meddling. One assures wholesome life to college sport; the other has been responsible for much unseemly bickering, and serves healthful athletics no good purpose. There are many ways of combining faculty, *alumni*, and undergraduate interests for the best results athletically and ethically. In my judgment, that of Harvard is far and away the most practical and most efficacious.

It is not my purpose at this time to treat the subject of faculty responsibility fully. But I do wish, on the conclusion of my trip across the American continent and before I set sail for the Orient, to touch upon two examples of misdirected energy, both bearing significantly on the question of faculty responsibility.

I have frequently had occasion to refer to professionalism in the sport of the Notre Dame University, and to criticise the faculty of that institution for its gross indifference to the unwholesome condition of her athletics. I have no hesitancy in saying that I have found athletics at Notre Dame more unhealthful than at any other college in the United States, and that much I discovered has the coloring of faculty connivance.

Very recently Notre Dame has amended her athletic rules as follows:

ARTICLE XIII.

Section I. No student shall be allowed to play on any team for a period longer than six years, four of which shall be as undergraduate, two of which shall be postgraduate.

Section II. No person shall be a member of any athletic team representing the university unless he be a *bona fide* student taking the full course of studies. All persons who have received compensation for athletic services shall be debarred from the athletic teams. This rule to take effect October 1, 1897, and any provision of this rule not to affect any student now in college for previous athletic standing.

Section III. No student whose class standing during the current session shall fall below seventy-five shall be a member of any athletic team.

Section IV. No student of the university shall be entitled to wear the official monogram unless he shall have played in two championship games. The names of all such persons entitled to wear the monogram shall be passed upon by the Executive Committee and published in the *Scholastic* at the end of each session.

These rules are an improvement on the old ones chiefly because they give hope of clean sport in the future—in the far future, let us say; for, according to Section II., there is license for professionalism at Notre Dame for six years to come. The proposed make-up of the football team for this autumn conveys no suggestion of a more healthful sentiment.

I confess to having no faith in Notre Dame, because her faculty has as yet, despite its many opportunities to do so, given no evidence of an honest desire to cleanse her athletics. And I am strengthened in my disbelief by remembering the official announcement—in the catalogue of '94 I think, it was—that none but *bona fide* students would be permitted to play on the teams. I also remember that the rule was no sooner made than it was broken, with no authoritative interference from the faculty.

During the last six years there has been not more than one team (viz., in the spring of '94) in which there was prospect of cleanliness; and then it miscarried, because the faculty would not forbid the playing of a professional whom the captain had imported to strengthen a weak spot in the nine.

We shall rejoice in the purification of Notre Dame, but must have something more substantial than the mere publication of revised rules before we can have faith in the proclaimed reform. Such is the result of bearing a bad reputation.

There are details in these rules open to criticism, but they are inconsequential under the existing circumstances. What we wish first to see is real evidence of repentance.

There is another section of the United States where the ethics of amateur sport have been as long if not so totally ignored, and that is among the colleges of western Pennsylvania. It is curious so much professionalism should be found here in a section so close to the Atlantic seaboard. Yet, next to Notre Dame, it has been, and indeed remains, the most notorious offender in the land. That the faculties are responsible in western Pennsylvania, as they are in Indiana, is undoubtedly true. Professionalism has flourished in one instance, as in the other, with hardly an objection being raised by the faculty.

Therefore it is somewhat gratifying to learn that at Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, Pennsylvania, which has been a bit better than some of the others, the faculty has this year come to a more complete realization of its responsibilities, and proclaimed a scholarship qualification for athletic candidates.

There is a strong citizen sentiment at Washington (reflected by the daily press of the town) that the university team must be victorious at any cost and by any means, in deference to which the faculty has often and unwisely seen fit to nullify the good the athletic committee was trying to do. In fairness to the faculty it should be added that its submission to town sentiment was distasteful to a majority of its members, and done for purely business purposes.

Now, however, so I am assured, a strong reaction has set in, and the faculty is determined to clean sport at the university, and hopes to cultivate a healthful sentiment among the citizens of Washington. It is certain to accomplish both ends if resolute in its determination and honest in its methods. Meanwhile I commend to the faculties of the other western Pennsylvania colleges the action of Washington and Jefferson, and exhort the faculty of Notre Dame to keep faith with us this time.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, *October 11, 1897.*

WAPITI-HUNTING IN WINNIPEGOOSIS.

IT is not many years since the wapiti, or miscalled "elk," of America, occupied a range of country extending over the greater part of North America. Owing, however, to the rapid advances of civilization throughout western America, this once great domain of theirs has so diminished that, compared with its former dimensions, it is now a mere "yard." But diminished territory is not the only loss which has befallen the wapiti—they have suffered in numbers as well. For generations they have been recklessly slaughtered, not by sportsmen, but by the "butcher" or "hide-hunter," who for the sale of the skins has devoted himself to the extinction of these magnificent animals with a zeal for which one would like fitly to reward him. It was not the Indian who originated this policy of extermination. He well knew the value of the big game of his country, and killed only so much as sufficed to feed and clothe his family. If in recent years he too has become a "butcher," it is not from choice, it is from sheer desperation. His white brother has crowded him off his land, has scattered his game, and has driven him in self-defence to adopt the wasteful and short-sighted policy of the "hide-hunter." From the stories, told over the traders' counters and around the camp fires, of the wholesale destruction of our beautiful deer—and unfortunately these stories are only too often true—one would be led to believe that white hunters and red had vied with one another as to which should be first to exterminate the few that remain. Recently a Hudson Bay factor informed me that, not more than two springs ago, the Indian hunters of his neighborhood had brought in to his post more than a thousand hides of moose and wapiti that had been "crusted" during the months of February and March of that year. How long can such a

pace last? Yet this is only one of many similar stories that I could tell. If such slaughter continues, we may live to see when the only deer to be found will be those contained in our menageries.

The wapiti is a majestic animal. Though not so massive as the moose, his magnificent mien ranks him as the grandest—though not the most graceful—of our deer; his long, slender, clean-cut legs, his well-rounded body, his neck, beautifully arched and thickly maned, and his proudly poised defiant-looking head make up a figure worth admiring.

In former days the wapiti ranged over an immense expanse of territory. They roamed in herds numbering from fifty to five thousand. They were found in almost every part of the United States and of northern Mexico. In Canada they occupied the whole breadth of the country, from Labrador to Vancouver, in some localities beyond the 55th parallel of latitude. To-day they occupy a comparatively contracted area. On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains they range from California to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. On the eastern slope they may be met with in parts of Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, and the Yellowstone Park. "Across the line" they are found throughout the provinces, from British Columbia to northern Ontario.

A few winters ago, while on a dog-sled trip, I passed through a section of the wapiti country lying between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegoosis. An excellent opportunity presenting itself, I determined to hunt wapiti for a few days near Buffalo Lake, where the wapiti were said to be abundant. My dog-drivers, Louis and "Shorty," a couple of half-breed hunters, acted as my guides. They persuaded me to have a hunting costume made after the fashion of their own—a hooded coat, leggings, and a cap, all of white Hudson Bay blanket. The cap, like that shown in my drawing, was adorned with a pair of imitation horns, and the front of it was grotesquely ornamented with two huge eyes cut from a piece of dark cloth. That such fantastic head-gear should be the correct thing may appear strange, but my men explained that luck would surely attend us if clothed in white, and that when the game caught sight of such a mysterious-looking object peering over a log or around a tree, they would be so curious that they would pause long enough to give the hunter ample time to take accurate aim.

At the end of a long day's tramp we camped beneath a wind-break made by felling trees in such a position as to form one-half of a hexagon, brush being cut and rammed into the snow along the outer sides of the logs. With our snow-shoes we cleared the snow from out of our semi-enclosure. Then we cut the long course reeds that are found in the muskegs, and spread them upon the ground for a mattress. Immediately in front of the opening, which faced the south, a large fire was kindled. The shelter was just high enough to allow the north wind to glance over it and blow the smoke away. Such a camp, if properly constructed, affords comfortable protection, even if the thermometer drop to 50° below zero, which on this occasion it did.

Next morning we decided to leave the dogs with the rest of our outfit at the camp while we pushed on to reconnoitre.

"Shorty," picking up his old muzzle-loader, affectionately smoothed down the case; then, a moment later, with a disgusted look, he tossed it upon the bedding. Guessing what was the matter, I said to him, "It's no use taking her this time," to which he replied, "No, no good; gun caught cold." That was "Shorty's" expressive way of putting it. In fact, the cold had so contracted our gun springs as to render our weapons utterly useless. After this experience I had the oil burnt from the locks and a longer spring inserted in my rifle when I set out the following winter with Caspar Whitney for the Barren Grounds.

Running down the wapiti on snow-shoes was out of the question; for, although the snow was deep, the absence of a crust made it impracticable.

About noon, as we emerged from a dense muskeg of down-capped reeds that towered above our heads, we came suddenly upon those long-coveted tracks—the footprints of the wapiti. The trail was old, but we followed it round the end of the muskeg, and, to our astonishment, we stumbled on tracks that were scarcely five minutes old. We held a whispered consultation; and Louis, taking the "lay of the land," said there must be a stretch of prairie ahead, where the deer were sure to be feeding. So we cut into the bush and made a long détour, that we might approach them against the wind. When we thought we were about a hundred yards from the edge of the woods we took off our snow-shoes and crawled on our knees through the deep soft snow in silence. A fallen tree lay directly in front of us. Louis, gaining it first, peered over; then, lowering his head, he beckoned to me. I knew at once that my chance had come. Reaching the obstruction, I slowly raised my head and looked over. There, within thirty yards of us, stood a magnificent buck, with head erect and ears alert. A few yards behind him a small band were quietly feeding. While the stag lowered his head and began browsing, and the fawns timidly ducked, as a prairie-chicken flew over, I filled a couple of pages of my sketch-book. Catching sight apparently of a turning leaf of my sketch-book, the old buck whirled round; with tremendous bounds all leaped forward, and, like a whirlwind that left a cloud of snow behind, disappeared in the thicket.

Arthur Heming.

THE FRATERNITY OF THE METHODISMS.

In the month of May, 1844, there occurred in New York one of the most important events in the history of the American Church. It was the dividing date of a hitherto united Methodism in the United States. The legislative body of the Methodist Episcopal Church virtually suspended from his official duties Bishop James O. Andrew, who through marriage had become a holder of slaves, until he should release himself from the alleged disability.

The language of the action was, "Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains."

This legislative deliverance caused great offence to the Southern representatives, and in 1846 there took place the organization of the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. From that time to the present these two large communions have advanced their interests as has seemed best to each, on paths different and sometimes diverse, and neither has been behind the other in zeal and activity. There has been but little difference in the rate of numerical increase. In 1848, when the division was fully inaugurated, the Methodist Episcopal Church had a membership of 631,000, and now it has 2,851,000, while the Methodist Episcopal Church South had at its beginning, in 1846, 460,000, and now enrolls a membership of 1,443,000.

What have been the relations of these two Methodisms during the last fifty years? Now and then tentative measures toward reunion have been employed, but without any direct result. Fraternal delegates from both sides have visited the respective official bodies, and thus a cordial feeling has been maintained. In the two ecumenical conferences—the first in London in 1881, and the second in Washington in 1891—representatives from both Churches were most hearty and co-operative in all propositions favoring a larger fraternity.

This fraternity has, however, recently assumed a new form, and proceeded for the first time in direct paths. In 1894 the Methodist Episcopal Church South appointed a commission to meet with a similar commission, afterward authorized in 1896 and appointed in 1897, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, which two commissions were to enter into negotiations with a view to abating hurtful competition, the waste of men and money in the home and foreign mission fields, and in general to consider the proper measures for the removal of difficulties of every kind, and to provide plans for more cordial co-operation in the future. The commissions have just held their joint session in Washington, and have reached unanimous conclusions, which, however, must come before the General Conferences of the two Churches—that of the Methodist Episcopal Church South meeting in Baltimore in May next, and that of the Methodist Episcopal Church which is to meet in 1900.

The commissions consisted of the following members: Representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Bishops, S. M. Merrill, W. X. Ninde, and J. F. Hurst; Ministers, Dr. L. B. Wilson, Dr. R. J. Cooke, and Dr. H. G. Jackson; Laymen, Mr. R. T. Miller, Mr. T. B. Sweet, and Judge T. H. Murray.

Representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church South—Bishops, J. C. Granbery, R. K. Hargrove, W. W. Duncan; Ministers, Dr. E. E. Hoss, Dr. G. G. N. MacDonell, Dr. J. H. Dye; Laymen, Judge Walter Clark, Professor R. W. Jones, and Colonel Asa Holt.

Measures were adopted by which, in case a territory or community where one Church has been established is entered upon for the first time by the other Church, there must be a previous and perfect understanding by the bishop having jurisdiction. This has been one of the chief causes of difficulty, and if it is terminated it will prevent a prolific source of misunderstanding and collision of feeling. Much friction has arisen where the territory has overlapped, as in the Southern States and in some of the Northwestern—especially in Montana, Oregon, and Washington. There has been very little transfer of ministers from one Church to the other, owing largely to the limitations of territory. The commissioners agreed that if transfers are desired from one Church to the other, the clergymen transferred should be received without the difficulties and embarrassments of the former time, and that he should be free from any loss of ministerial order or conference standing.

It has been agreed that there should be a common hymn-book for use of the two Churches, and that other Methodist Churches should be invited to co-operate. A common order of public worship is another point of agreement. The commissioners also unite in the opinion that in some of the foreign missionary fields there has been an unnecessary duplication of publishing interests, and that unification at these points should be secured.

A common catechism has also been recommended. It is a singular fact that in all the division of the Methodist bodies the matter of doctrine has never been touched. All differences have sprung out of questions of usage and government. The prominent ground of difference has been perhaps that of the relation of laymen to the Church and their power in its councils. Some of the smaller Methodist bodies are not episcopal in polity. The trend of the two great bodies of American Methodism is in the direction of retaining the original functions of the episcopacy.

One of the most emphatic declarations of the joint commission was that in favor of higher education and against the secular spirit which is seeking to pervade all forms of advanced education; that all higher education should be under Christian auspices more than ever before, and that the Church should feel its responsibility for the training and equipment of its young people. The endorsement of the American University, already inaugurated in Washington, is strong. It was unanimously agreed that it is the imperative duty of the Protestant Church to provide in the city of Washington a university, Christian, catholic, tolerant, and American, having for its sole aim postgraduate and professional study and original research; that the American University is worthy of the confidence and benefactions of the people in all our Churches; and that the claims of this institution be recommended to both Churches for special contributions during the years 1900 and 1901.

While there is nothing final or mandatory as yet—for the commissioners must first report to the respective bodies which created them—this may be said, that we have new proof that the coming current will be toward deeper sympathy and gentler methods. The supreme facts of identity of origin and unity of doctrine are brought forward into the foreground, and the half-century which has passed since the division, with its crimson stain of civil war, retires into the background.

A programme of points of consideration is itself a great advance. Hitherto matters of interest and occasionally of friction have been intangible, purely speculative, and now and then the subject of editorial controversy; but now the great leaders and commonalties of both Churches are put upon the line of direct thought. Each Church knows what the other is thinking about—practically what it wants and does not want. As to the formal organic union of the two Churches, the word has not yet been spoken. There must be an intenser revival of the traditions and memories of the heroic period, when there was a common pathway. Probably among the many benefits which the twentieth century has in reserve for the American Church will be the restoration of the old Methodist unity.

THE MULE-SPINNER.

To those who have no familiarity with the inner working of a cotton factory it may not be apparent why the Mule-Spinners' Union always plays such a conspicuous part when there are "labor troubles" in the New England mills. If there is a strike, it is generally ordered by this Union; and when the mule-spinners strike, all the varied machinery on the many floors of the factory comes to a standstill. The process of turning cotton in the bale into rolls of cloth in packing-cases stops, and with that stoppage the bringing of raw material from distant fields and the sending of finished goods to scattered markets, with all that depends upon them, suffers paralysis. What gives the mule-spinners so much power over a great industry?

The visitor to a cotton-mill who watches a mule in operation looks upon a remarkable machine. He will see at one end a complicated mechanism, by which the force is applied to its wonderful processes. At the back is a rank of bobbins containing the partly prepared material in the form called "roping," which it is the business of the "back boys" to keep supplied. In front is the long "carriage," with its hundreds of spindles, running slowly out as the cotton comes through between the lower roller of finely grooved steel and the upper roller covered with smooth leather, and is spun into the fine threads that form the "filling" of drillings, sheetings, or calicoes, and then running swiftly back as this yarn is wound upon slender quills or tubes into the "cops" that are to fit into the weaver's shuttle.

There are always two of these mules facing each other, with their machinery ends juxtaposed, and their carriages running out and in over the space intermediate between the bobbin-stacked backs. As each carriage gets to the end of its "stretch" there is a pause, a series of sharp clacks and creaks in the machinery, a bowing of long wires before the rank of spindles to bear down the threads to be wound on as the carriage runs in, and with another clack and jerk the wires are brought up, the rollers which have stopped begin to roll and the spindles to spin again, and the carriage starts on another "stretch." At the back the barefoot, lightly clad boy is constantly darting about to remove empty bobbins, and to replace them with full ones of roping, at intervals "brushing off" from the carriage, while it still runs back and forth, the fluff and dust that continually accumulate. Between the two carriages, which go tirelessly back and forth while the "cops" are filling, stalks the autocrat of labor in the cotton-mill—the mule-spinner.

It is his chief business to "piece up" the threads as they break in the process of spinning, as one and another are constantly doing. This he does deftly and swiftly while the machine moves, leaning far over the carriage as it nears its utmost stretch, and following it in for quick work, while the distance from spindle to roller is short. The "piecing" is done by catching the broken thread from the top of the spindle, drawing it up just far enough, breaking off the twisted extremity with one hand, and with the other touching the end lightly to the slender roping, that comes through the rollers and seems to feel about for its broken attachment. The "piecer," as he is called in the factory, passes from one mule to the other, and up and down the length of their constantly moving carriages, and "pieces up the ends" all day long. Except when the full "cops" are to be removed and empty tubes are to be put on the spindles, or oiling has to be done, or some accident happens, like a general breakdown of the threads or some faulty action in the mechanism, he keeps his two machines going, with the occasional help of the "back boy" in the process of "doffing," or changing from full to empty spindles.

The mule-spinner is generally a stalwart man, from twenty to sixty, clad in light slippers, overalls hanging loosely on the hips, and a shirt open at the throat, with sleeves rolled nearly to the shoulder. He is quick on his feet and swift with his fingers, and he is on the move with little cessation through all the hours when "speed is on"—that is, when the factory machinery is going. His is a work of skill and endurance, and it cannot be done by women. The quiet, steady-going "frames," upon which the warp is spun, with the swift but gentle whir of the "flyers" that contain the spools, are "tended" by women almost exclusively, but they never run mules. And the mule is a necessity of the whole business, though effort and ingenuity have been expended to get rid of it. No "frame" has yet been devised that will successfully spin "filling" for woof so strong as that spun upon the mule and spin it as rapidly, and wind it in a manner to be so conveniently used in the shuttle. Economy has required the continued use of the mule in spinning "filling," and without filling warp is made in vain; the loom must stop, the cloth-room is without cloth, and all the processes back of spinning—the speeders, the carders, and the machine that tears up the cotton just from the bale and works it in a continuous fluffy web for the cards—all come to a stop. The factory is silent till the balky mules are ready to start up again.

That is why the Mule-Spinners' Union is the arbiter of strikes in the cotton industry. If these spinners strike, nobody else can work, and it is much easier for them to maintain an effective union than for any other class of operatives. Their work cannot be done by boys or women, and it cannot be taken up by "green hands." It requires considerable skill and training, not only in the process of "piecing," but in the care of a complicated machine. And the force of mule-spinners is a small one in the large body of operatives required in one of the great factories. It is comparatively easy for them to maintain an organization including all the good spinners, and in general they are intelligent enough to manage their union with skill and effect. When they have a cause which induces them to hold together, and can bring them the support of the other operatives, they can stop the millions of buzzing spindles, and silence the thousands of clattering looms in the great manufacturing towns; and the effect will be felt in the cotton-fields of the South, over the railroads of the land, and in the markets of the world.

A. K. F.

"SEEN FROM THE SADDLE."—By Isa Carrington Cabell.—32mo, Cloth, 50 Cents.—Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

SCIENCE *VERSUS* PREJUDICE.

Mr. W. H. Garrison says he is a cigarette smoker; but in his "Brief for the Cigarette," read before the Medico-Legal Society in New York, at its last meeting, there is no trace of his mental powers being obscured by the practice. The paper, which is published in full in the current issue of the Journal of that society, is a calm, concise, and logical summing up of what science has to say concerning the cigarette, and a fair and fearless demand that there should be an end of indiscriminate and ignorant abuse, and a distinct refutation or acceptance of the conclusions of science. The first noticeable feature of his paper is its outspoken candor. "The annual output of cigarettes for 1897," he says, "was 4,000,000,000; and if the cigarette *per se* is the malign thing that its opponents claim it to be, the manufacture and sale . . . should be suppressed without delay." This is confidence with a vengeance! The cigarette must be scientifically unassailable if its advocate can at the outset of the discussion so fairly challenge the detractors of the cigarette.

Mr. Garrison contends that the opposition to the cigarette is due to prejudice; that science, on the other hand, declares it to be composed of nothing but tobacco and paper, both free from any foreign ingredient, and the purest of their kind; the tobacco used being far less charged with nicotine than cigars or smoking and chewing tobacco. The array of scientific men, of the highest reputation, whom he marshals in support of his arguments is amazing.

His first authority is Prof. H. W. Wiley, late Chief Chemist of U. S. Department of Agriculture, who says that a cigarette is made of 1.0926 grams of tobacco enveloped in a wrapper of paper which weighs 0.038 grams. Simply tobacco and paper.

As to the quality of these, he quotes Prof. Willis G. Tucker, of the Albany Medical College, Analyst of the New York Board of Health, who says in his Ninth Annual Report to the Secretary of the State Board of Health: "The tobacco used in the manufacture of cigarettes is much less frequently flavored or otherwise artificially treated than is chewing or smoking tobacco and that employed in the manufacture of cigars. . . . As regards the paper wrapper, there is no reason why an impure or poisonous paper should be employed, and many reasons why it should not."

Again, Mr. J. C. Wharton, Chemist of Nashville, Tenn., says: "The analyses and observations of the materials composing these American cigarettes lead me to the conclusion and belief that they are made from well-selected, clean tobacco leaf, and a purified article of harmless paper."

The popular prejudice has variously ascribed to cigarettes a proportion of opium, morphine, jimpson-weed, belladonna, glycerine, or sugar. The city of Chicago ordered an analysis from time to time of specimens of all brands sold in the open market. City Chemist C[illegible] L. Kennicott and Assistant City Chemist D. B. Bisbee reported last October that all the cigarettes were made of "Bright Virginia." This is a technical term, and means a tobacco grown in Virginia and North Carolina, and purified by being kept in the warehouse for three years before it is used. Of this these chemists say: "Frequent analyses show that this tobacco contains only from 1 to 1½ per cent. of nicotine. The mildest Havana contains much more, while the best grades of domestic cigars reach as high as 8½ per cent."

As additional authorities corroborating these points, Mr. Garrison quotes Dr. G. F. Payne, State Chemist of Georgia; Profs. Robert and Alfred M. Peter, of Lexington, Ky.; James Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor, Cambridge University; William Odling, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, Oxford University; C. Meymott Tidy, M.A., M.B., Professor of Chemistry and of Forensic Medicine at the London Hospital, and James F. Babcock, for five years Professor of Chemistry in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. The last says, in a report to the Massachusetts State Committee on Public Health, "The papers contained such elements as are always to be found in the plants producing the fibre from which they are made, and contained no others. . . . The fillings were found to consist of tobacco, and nothing else."

Mr. Garrison remarks, "Is not this conclusive? Not a doubt, not even a qualified statement by any of these disinterested experts!"

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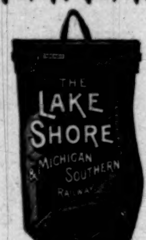

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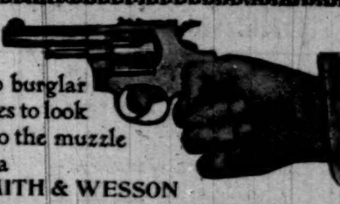

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